

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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NUMBERS OF THE LIVING AGE WANTED. The publishers are in want of Nos. 1179 and 1180 (dated respectively Jan. 5th and Jan. 12th, 1867) of THE LIVING AGE. To subscribers, or others, who will do us the favor to send us either or both of those numbers, we will return an equivalent, either in our publications or in cash, until our wants are supplied.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE opening article of this number will be read with the more interest, because we have been guilty of injustice to Denmark;—an injustice which has brought about some changes in her government, and which, perhaps, makes some action on our part necessary.

Chatterton brings back our youthful days. Fifty-five years ago we read the great quarto volume of "Rowley's Poems" in the Philadelphia Library, and have examined every other work on the subject which we could find, then or since.

Carlino comes to an end in this number, and Spotted Dog in the next.

The Churchman, an Episcopalian paper published at Hartford, is much dissatisfied with us for reprinting an article from L'Osservatore Romano, and cannot imagine why we should have done it "without one word of correction or comment." Now this article makes a page and a half, and we should have thought that any Protestant reader who wished to know what the Romanists were doing and saying, would be glad, to that extent, to read a paper which shows their present tactics. We have had fifty times as much space on the other side. As for our printing it without note or comment, we did not doubt that every intelligent reader would understand our course. We desire to let in light from every quarter.

Some months ago we printed from the Spectator, which always writes in a religious and reverent spirit, an article giving an account of some of the late critical commentaries upon the Bible, which it thought would cause some modifications in some of the doctrines of the Church of England; to which the Spectator itself belongs. We could hardly have given to our readers more tenderly the story of some of the speculations of the age we live in. A correspondent of this same Churchman deplored, in a sadness for which we had great sympathy, the indications of coming change. And he proceeded to say that the only comfort to the devout believer must be in trust in the Second Coming of our Lord. Sickness at that time prevented our writing him a private letter, to say how heartily we united with him in this consolation.

WAITING.

WILL it be over to-day or to-morrow?

Will it last for a week, or a month, or a year;
This trance that is neither a joy nor a sorrow,

This waiting that is not a hope nor a fear?

While I am waiting the end draws near,

It will come before I am dead some day;

Shall I feel, I wonder, when it is here?

Its coming seems like going away.

Is it only that watching has made me weary,
And that being weary has made me dream?

But in dreams the world is not so dreary,
And in dreams things are not as they seem.

And indeed I am not tired yet,

I have strength to wait what is yet to see,

What the hours I know will not forget,

The end of the watch that is set for me.

Is it the end that has made me strong,

Lest I say when it comes it come too late?

Then till it came I should find it long:

I have forgotten for what I wait.

Then why are my thoughts bound up to this

By a bond that I neither feel nor see,

While the world goes by in bale or bliss?

Do I think the world keeps watch with me?

Yet the end will come, and the end will go.

And leave no trace in the empty air;

When it is over none will know,

And I hardly think that I shall care.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Good Words.

SHETLAND.

ADIEU! the cliffs that front the wave,

Rolled from the icebergs' sullen home;

Adieu! the rapid firths that rave,

The rugged skerries, plumed with foam.

Adieu! the gloom, the grandeur hoar,

The majesty of surge and storm;

My heart shall keep for evermore,

Wild shore, thy wonder and thy charm.

No woodland wreathes thy brow austere;

No teeming levels wave with corn;

No voice of song salutes the ear

From leafy perch at eve or morn.

Yet thine the might of mountain steep,

And purple robes on mountain sides,

And thine the strain that never sleeps,

The thunder of Atlantic tides.

Nor yet of joyous life bereft,

Thy waters roll, thy mountains soar,

For myriad wings from crag and cleft

Swarm forth to whiten sea and shore:

In endless rings the sea-mew flits;

The gannet like an arrow falls;

And swart and grim the cormorant sits

On jagged reefs and rocky walls.

Stern in the storm, that hurls on thee

The cataract billows' headlong snows,

Thy rocky ramparts to the sea

Their everlasting strength oppose.

But when thy wave unrippled drinks

The splendour of a setting sun,

How glorious are thy craggy brinks,

Thine islets green, and mountains dun!

Chambers' Journal.

From Temple Bar.
THE DANISH NATIONAL CHARACTER.

BY A DANE.

YOU wish to know something about the people who live in Copenhagen and Denmark. Have you really considered what you ask for? Don't you see the great difficulty of the task? It is rather easy to describe a town, with its streets and houses; you can also tell a little about the rooms you live in every day. But it is not so easy to describe human beings, when you want to know not only their outward appearance—whether they are dark or fair, tall or short, with or without large whiskers—but also, and expressly, want to know their general character, their sentiments and feelings, their opinions and ways of acting and judging. It is very difficult to look through the dress and the skin into the heart of a single man, and still more of a whole nation; and the difficulty is not less when it is one's own nation we desire to describe. I dare not praise too much the good qualities, that I may not be considered a conceited fool by foreigners who read it; nor dare I talk too much of our national faults and deficiencies, that my countrymen shall not fall upon me as if I were going to expose them. A middle way must therefore be found, and I will for your sake try to find it, as you seem so very anxious to hear a little about us before you come to see us.

As our home is a home of politics, I will begin with our political views, and think I am right in saying that there is a *strong national and liberal feeling* prevalent in the Danish nation. I will not say that this feeling is so very old—not more than thirty to forty years; but it is now quite general, and has regenerated the whole people. From 1830 liberal ideas began to spread amongst us. Until then our King had been a good father, and we his obedient children: but then the children began to feel their own power, and wanted their father at least to consult them before he decided on his plans for their welfare. A time of struggle and discontent began: liberal papers sprang up, and were often again suppressed; but the seed grew quietly, and was only waiting for a shower to develop itself and yield a rich fruit. This happened in 1848, and suddenly and unexpectedly the people

awoke to a new life. The war with the whole of Germany on one side, and the free constitution given us by Frederick VII., called forth a new life, and the Danish people won again its old name for bravery and independence. From this period a strong national feeling has penetrated the whole Danish people: we are proud of being Danes. We do not go so far as to think Denmark the only country in the world worth seeing or living in, or that we should think the independence of our country the condition of the existence of Europe; but we Danes tenderly love our little native country, think it beautiful, wonderfully blessed by God, and are ready to defend it to the last man—for we could not thrive under a foreign yoke. We have been compelled by violence to give up a part of our own flesh and blood, but we shall never rest until the wound has been healed again, and don't mind any expense to be prepared to meet our antagonists—Prussia or Germany.

You will therefore find a very strong feeling of dislike or hatred to everything German, and I will, from experience, give you this friendly advice: Don't try to make yourself agreeable here in the German language, as you may risk being treated a little roughly if anybody thought you considered us Germans. Everybody will nowadays do his best to understand your English, and will try to answer you in English; but we dislike to hear and to speak the German language. In this respect a great change has taken place in the last twenty years: before that time the German language was highly esteemed here. Our Court was always fond of German men and manners, and in the beginning of this century our army was still commanded by Germans. Goethe and Schiller were known by all educated people, while our own poets and authors were neglected. The German language was taught at all colleges and schools for boys and girls, and everybody tried to learn to speak it, as we were told that we could get on anywhere in the world by that language. We exported our cattle and butter to foreign countries through Hamburg, and bought our foreign articles there. Our university, our colleges and schools, were organized according to the

German pattern; even the pictures in our children's books were borrowed from Germany. No wonder that the Germans at that time spoke of us as a slow and stupid people, when we wanted everything from them, and in every respect tried to lean on them. No wonder that they, in their haughtiness, considered little Denmark an appendix to large Germany, and thought it would be an easy prey whenever they stretched their hands out to catch it. And so they did in 1848—50, by sending their armies into Sleswig and Jutland to assist the Sleswig-Holsteiners, who rose against their legitimate king to found an independent state of their own; but they were all bitterly disappointed. The Danish people awoke at the eleventh hour, and threw off the nightmare that for centuries had rested so heavily on it. The King, Frederick VII., placed himself at the head of his people; his words, "It shall not be!" resounded in all Danish hearts, and the whole population rose in defence of its existence, and was successful. Now, even those who obstinately had taken the words for an intimate connection with Germany were silenced, as nobody liked to see Denmark a German naval State, and be treated himself as a German sailor. A hitherto unknown national feeling was called into life, and the German yoke thrown off. We tried to convince ourselves that Denmark still had a right to exist as an independent State. We began to look back to former times, when Denmark had played a prominent part; great attention was paid to our antiquarian reminiscences, which spoke of our former grandeur and power; our own tongue, and our own poets and authors, came to their rights, and we found that we had great treasures in them. The German language lost at the same time its monopoly in school and domestic life, and German mercantile commissioners had to make themselves understood in Danish; new business-houses independent of Hamburg were opened, and we now export our cattle, our corn, our butter, direct to England, partly in our own steamers, which again bring home English and Transatlantic cargoes. The connection with Sweden and Norway is getting more and more intimate, and a brotherly and neighbourlike feeling is gen-

eral, while at the same time many voices are heard in favour of a closer connection with our brothers in England. Young people—both merchants and learned men—now very often go to England, and the English language is understood and spoken by nearly all young gentlemen and ladies. You will find Shakespeare, Byron, and Dickens, again and again, in all private libraries; I have therefore the best hope that you will find yourself at home with us.

As the war with Germany in 1848 called forth a general national feeling, so the free constitution given us in the same year, as a free gift from the King, has produced a *general liberal feeling*. Of course we have our Tories—our "Réactionnaires," as we call them—who would like to see the whole power again returned to the King, to bathe themselves in the royal sunshine; but they are in a decided minority. The whole people, from the highest to the lowest, appreciate so much the great privileges and the extensive freedom granted them by our constitution, that they will not give up even a tittle of them. I am only afraid that you will look a little suspiciously at us, and consider us rather democratic. You English people are, with all your liberties and your old constitution, the most aristocratic people in the world; you worship your Queen as a higher being, scarcely accessible beyond the high railings and tall sentinels of Buckingham Palace; lords and viscounts, baronets and knights, with one or other christian name, often without a family name, are to you as if they were made of another mould than a shopkeeper or a professional man; and you make the same distinction even much lower down, when a professional man cannot well mix in society with a merchant, and even a barrister does not care to dance with a solicitor's wife. We do not know anything of all these subtle distinctions; with us a merchant may be invited to the King's table, a tailor may ride out on horseback with a baronet, a physician and a chemist walk down the street together. The dividing-point with us—and it seems a more honourable division—is the education and the general behaviour of the man, not his position and wealth. This is partly a natural consequence of the smallness of the country, and the more even distribution

of wealth, but it is to a great extent also owing to the whole character of our constitution. This is the most liberal in the whole world. I need only tell you that every native of the country who has completed his twenty-fifth year, and has an independent household of his own (*i.e.* is not a servant, nor bankrupt, nor supported by the Poor Board), can be elected to the Parliament; and in this way nearly every man in Denmark can get a seat in Parliament, as there are no expenses connected with the elections, and the members enjoy a moderate salary. The consequence has been that the majority is formed by the independent farmers, or peasants who farm their own land. In a certain respect this is quite right; where nearly the whole country is in the possession of smaller independent proprietors, it is only natural that they should form the majority of the Parliament. The only difficulty was that the free constitution of 1848 found this class rather unprepared for this important task, and many seats were filled by men quite in the hands of a few clever leaders. However, one thing must be said, that even these men, with their narrow views of life, and great economizing with respect to art and science, have always shown a strong national and liberal feeling; nearly every branch of the administration has been reformed in a liberal spirit. The opposition to this party is formed by some members of our nobility, and some wealthy merchants or large proprietors; but principally by some of our professional people and learned men, who are just as liberal, but have a more extensive view of life, and do not think merely of the present day. What we want is that our aristocracy would come out a little more. We have an aristocracy of rather rich counts and barons, and large landed proprietors; but they have, until now, preferred to surround the throne to obtain titles and orders, and kept away from the storms of political life. A beginning, however, has been made in another direction, and it is hoped that by-and-by our aristocracy will take the lead in politics, and in all other respects to which it has a certain right and obligation by its high position. Then we democratic Danes will become just as aristocratic as our friends in England.

Now I suppose you know sufficiently our feelings, as far as our earthly fatherland is concerned; but "our conversation (*παλινευσία*) is in heaven," says the Apostle, and we don't get into heaven even by the strongest national and liberal feelings. How, then, does the Danish people prepare its way to those higher and better regions? Quite in the same way and by the same means as the English people—by the belief in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our dear Lord and Saviour. And I am not ashamed of my countrymen in this respect, and not afraid of saying, that the Danes are a people with a *strong religious feeling*. Quite true you won't believe this, even if you come to stay a fortnight or a month with me here in Denmark. You would miss so much of the outward religious appearance to which you are accustomed, that I am afraid you would consider us even rather an irreligious people; but don't forget that faith, belief, hope, and love, are the most hidden treasures of the human heart, which cannot be judged after the visible appearance—and we Scandinavian people are rather afraid of displaying the feelings of our heart.

You will therefore, in religious matters, find a great difference between England and Denmark, although both are Protestant countries. You won't see anybody kneel down at their bed in the morning and the evening to say their prayers; you will very seldom find a family gathered at morning or evening prayers; you won't, as a rule, hear any saying grace or returning thanks at their meals; you won't find a general knowledge of the Bible in all classes of the community; and—what will strike you more than anything else—you won't find here the regular church-going and the church-keeping of the Sabbath, to which you have been accustomed from your childhood. But notwithstanding all this, that might be and ought to be much better amongst us, I venture to say that the Danes, as a nation, are a religious and pious people—at least just as religious and pious as any other in the world. I don't think solely of the general respect for the law, both the Mosaic and civil, which every foreigner will find here; there is a general honesty in all business, there is very

little drunkenness, an obnoxious crime is an exception; even a foreigner will feel safe in the greatest crowd and in the most lonely place, as no thief will steal his purse, and no roughs disturb his peace. But, in my opinion, religion is something much higher and better than this external morality; and I think I am right in saying that there is a deep Christian religious feeling predominant in the Danish people, even if a stranger cannot trace it in church-going and keeping of the Sabbath. That sin is something more than a trespass against the Mosaic law, that the grace of God through Christ cannot be acquired alone by a respectable life and keeping of the Mosaic law, but only by humility and giving-up of all selfishness, is the Christian feeling that more and more generally suffuses the whole people; and, in my opinion, this is the right way to salvation. Let such a Christian feeling penetrate and regenerate a human heart, and you will soon see the fruit in all visible actions of a man; but if this foundation is wanted, you will never save a single soul by a strict observance of all the Commandments. In this respect there always seemed to be some difference of views between English and Danish people; it seemed to me as if with English people keeping the Commandments was the principal condition of salvation, and belief in Christ secondary; there was too much thought of respectability, too little Christian humility — too much of the outward appearance, too little of the regeneration of the heart.

I will give you an instance of the difference of opinions. A book called "Letters from Hell" was published a few years ago, at the same time in Danish and English. Everybody here read it with great interest, and felt, with great horror, the truth put before our eyes in impressive language: that not only open crimes, which everybody condemns, lead to hell, but that every man who, with all his respectability before the public, indulges in the selfishness of his heart, will find his place there; and that even those little weaknesses we so easily forgive and forget — as ill-temper, negligence, unfriendliness, &c., in which we see no danger for our eternal salvation — bring a man much further down and much nearer to hell than he ever suspected. I read the book myself with great interest, and, as I hope, with some fruit for my soul, but have not been able to prevail on any of my English friends to read it; the title was enough to frighten them. They were all respectable people, and, to English notions, respectable people have nothing to do with hell; that is the place for those poor wretched drunkards

and thieves and burglars whom every body loves to keep far away from. What is, then, the respectability you often hear so much of? Is it more than outward appearance, that may deceive man, but does not deceive God? You are respectable when you pay everybody what you owe them, and strictly observe all those petty conventional rules that a refined mode of life has introduced — when you dress properly, eat properly, walk properly. You are respectable when you keep all the commandments of the Mosaic law — at least according to the words engraven on the stone — when you don't swear or lie, steal or kill, but especially when you strictly keep the fifth commandment; when the Sunday is a day of perfect rest to you and your family, and your servants, and your horses; when sometimes not even a fire is lighted in the kitchen to cook your dinner, or a needle touched even to mend a stocking. Certainly I don't blame you for such ideas of respectability; if everybody would be respectable in this way, life would be much more comfortable, but I cannot be convinced that this respectability leads to heaven. I am much more afraid that people forget, over the smaller things, what is much more important — the resurrection and the eternal judgment. And, after all, what is the use of saying prayers when the heart does not pray, and I rise from prayer as hard and cold as before? What blessing could it afford me to keep the Sabbath so strictly that the day becomes the most tedious in the week, and I only long for the evening to see the end of it? How should it contribute to the salvation of my soul to go to church, even twice on a Sunday, when I do it because public opinion compels me to do so, and I can scarcely keep awake till the long service comes to an end? And is it a state of things to be praised when, in a city with 3,000,000 of inhabitants, perhaps 1,000,000 regularly attend church, while the 2,000,000 never enter a church, but spend the morning in every kind of worldly business, and the afternoon in gin-shops? My opinion is, rather pray a single time with your full heart than often with your lips; rather do a little light and nice work on a Sunday, and enjoy it in an innocent way, and thank God for his manifold blessings, than fear the approaching Sunday as the longest day in the week; rather go once a week, or a fortnight, or even a month, of your free will to church, to find consolation and fresh hope for your poor contrite heart, than twice a day to repeat prayers you know by heart, and that often don't make any impression on you; rather every Sunday meet in the church dif-

ferent people and of different classes — servants, and soldiers and sailors, and workmen in their simple attire — than Sunday after Sunday to meet the same class of people, all in their fashionable clothes, and know that all other classes don't know anything of the blessing of a quiet hour in the house of God!

This is my opinion — and it is my opinion you have asked for — and therefore I still prefer the state of religious matters in Denmark to that in England, however partial you will find me to many English institutions. Nobody sees, perhaps, better what we want in this respect than I, who have been fortunate enough to spend two of my best years with your nation, and nobody could wish more than I that our churches were still better attended than they generally are, and that the Sunday was kept a little more as a day of rest from labour and pleasure, and that Sunday-prayer and Bible-reading were more common amongst us. But I should never wish that an alteration should be produced by a compulsion of the public opinion; let us be just as free in respect to religion as in any other respect. But let us try to awake in people a hunger and thirst after the Word of God; let us try to make them uneasy in their minds about their salvation; let us tell one another that there is an Eye that knows all the sinful thoughts of our hearts even if we can hide them from our fellow-creatures, and to all appearance are as respectable as any; let us make people listen to the mild calling of Our Saviour, who has come to save poor sinners, and won't throw any out. Then, and then only, the whole state of things will be another and a better one; then the house of God and his Holy Word, and the sacrament, and prayer, and thanksgiving, will be dear and precious to everybody; and the Sunday will be not only a Sabbath, but the Lord's day, the most blessed day of the week. It is not so at present in Denmark by a great deal. But a great improvement has taken place in the last thirty or forty years; the rationalism of the beginning of this century is done for, and a general revival is going on. The Holy Scriptures are also, by the liberal efforts of the British and Foreign Bible Society, sold by tens of thousands; old and young, masters and servants, rich and poor, are all anxious to possess at least a New Testament; numerous well-attended Bible-readings are held in all towns, and all over the country; the churches are crammed where the preacher knows how to preach the Christian truth in a popular language; a great want is felt of more churches and more clergymen; free

contributions are liberally given to support our missionary work in Greenland, and in India, &c. In a few words, a fresh religious life has sprung up amongst us, and principally in the lower classes, and it is our humble hope that, by God's blessing, this may be the means in His hand to make the Danish people not only a free but a Christian people.

If our views do not disagree so much that you already have got tired of me, I will go on in my description of the Danish national character; and hope that you will at once find that I am right in saying that *the standard of general education is rather high in Denmark*, and that there is a *general love of science and art* amongst Danish people. It may be that Denmark has not produced, nor does at present possess, many of those eminent geniuses who create a new epoch in art and science, and whose names are known over the whole world; but, in proportion to our population, I suppose we are just as well off in this respect as other countries. Denmark has contributed its share to the general progress of scientific research in nearly all branches, and even at this moment we have at least two men whose names are well known also in England: I think of the zoologist, Professor Thénstruss, and the author of the Latin Grammar, Professor Marley. But what I much prefer is to find in a people a general respect for and love of art and science, which can only be founded on a widely-spread cultivation of the mind even amongst the lower classes. And of this we may boast, and with some right, in Denmark. Our schools are compulsory, and therefore I am glad to say everybody is compelled to learn to read and write, and a little more. There is at least one, but generally two or three, national schools in every parish of the country, supported by compulsory contributions from the landed proprietors, to which every inhabitant of the parish is allowed and obliged to send his children, if he cannot prove that they get a better education at home or somewhere else. The obligation begins with the children's seventh year and ends with their fourteenth, and the parents are fined if their children do not attend school regularly. The teaching comprehends reading, writing, the Danish language, arithmetic, Bible-reading and catechism, the history and geography of Denmark, and the most prominent features of general history and geography. The boys practise a little gymnastics and swimming; the girls learn needlework. Every man in Denmark, even the lowest and poorest, can therefore read and write his own language,

and make accounts; every man in Denmark knows a little of his own country, and has, from his childhood, heard of another and better fatherland in heaven; he may, in the troubles of life, forget the particulars, but seven years' instruction will always leave some impression on his mind. To extend the views of life, there have lately been erected throughout the country free-schools, or colleges, for grown-up sons and daughters of the farmers, which are generally well frequented, and which have contributed to spread a strong national and liberal feeling amongst the country population.

If we now go one step higher, to the middle-classes—as shop-keepers, artisans, operatives, &c.—we shall find in all towns schools intended for them, where mathematics and the English or German language are added to the objects of learning. A diligent boy may leave such a school, in his sixteenth or seventeenth year, with a pretty good fund of general knowledge, and with some aptness for learning what he particularly may want to acquire for his especial career in life. For young boys who want a classical education, we find, both in Copenhagen and in many towns, public schools, partly supported by the Government, in which a boy has six hours' daily instruction for a payment of £5 6s. a year. These schools are arranged in the same way as the German gymnasiums, and are quite different from your English public schools: if your boys perhaps learn too little, our boys certainly learn a great deal too much. When a boy of eighteen years here passes his first examination at the university, in leaving the school he is supposed to know everything that a man possibly, in any branch of life and under any circumstances, may want to know. He is well up in his classics: if he should not know Horace and Virgil and Homer by heart, or be able to write a poem in Latin or Greek, he has at all events several times gone through their principal writings, and closely examined all grammatical difficulties in them. He knows the names of every long river or town in the remotest part of the world, and could find his way in Madagascar and Hindostan if he ever should go to travel there; and knows on his fingers (or at least ought to know) the names of all emperors and kings in the world—even the prehistoric ones, when they were born and when they died, and how many battles they fought and won or lost. He knows all branches of natural philosophy, all divisions and classes of higher or lower animals, plants, and stones; he knows all about electricity, magnetism, and galvanism, and is even well acquainted

with the stars of heaven. He has, besides the classics, learnt German, French, and English; he has not only been taught geometry and algebra, but plane trigonometry and stereometry, &c. In a few words, a boy of eighteen years has swallowed nearly all the learning of the world, and still it is but the preparation for future learning. If he wants to take up a profession, he has to study hard many hours a day, at least four or five years, at the Copenhagen University, if he hopes with any success to pass the examination at the university, without which he cannot get an appointment in the service of the State. The future clergyman has to attend lectures on exegesis, dogmatics, morals, church history, philosophy; the future lawyer, lectures on Roman and Danish law in all its branches; the physician, lectures on anatomy, zoology, and botany. After having finished the course of study, that cannot even by the diligent scholar be completed in less than from four to five years, but often requires much longer time, the young men present themselves for a public examination by the professors. The success of their whole career will greatly depend on the character given after this examination.

You may imagine what a learned set we are—or ought to be—when every professional man, and nearly every clerk in a government-office, and many private gentlemen besides, have been studying hard at least twelve years of their life, without any interruption but the few weeks' holidays in the summer, and nothing else has been thought of but reading from morning until evening. We are too learned, and not practical enough; we want all our education and instruction from books, and have to find how life differs from books; we are often disappointed that we, by all our learning, cannot answer the simplest question of life.

In my opinion you go a little too far in the other direction, and here as elsewhere the happy medium is difficult to find. No doubt an education like the Danish early awakens the spiritual faculties of the mind, strengthens the intellect, and refines the taste. And this is one of the principal reasons why science and art have always been highly appreciated and always have thrived well in Denmark. Perhaps also you, and many other foreigners, will be surprised to see how Denmark—although it is scarcely visible on the map of Europe—ranks with any European state in respect to art and science, and has museums and scientific collections that even wealthy England and learned Germany might envy. You know our great sculptor Thorwaldsen; his fame

has reached every corner of the world, and his works are to be found everywhere, even with the Queen of Tahiti; you must have heard of his museum in Copenhagen, where casts or copies in marble of all his works are collected, and shown to the public in an excellent way, as each statue has its own room, and therefore is seen to its best advantage. You cannot imagine what influence this man, when he was alive, and after his death his museum, has had to awaken a deep interest for works of art in the whole people, and to refine the taste, not only of Danish artists, but of every Danish workman. There is scarcely any house, scarcely any hut, in the whole country where you could not trace the great master. You will find thousands of copies of his "Choral," or his font with the kneeling angel, in biscuit, or plaster, or terra-cotta; you will find his beautiful bas-reliefs, with the thousandfold different representations of the cunning little Cupid, in biscuits or plaster, as ornaments of rooms, of gateways, of houses; you will find them painted on cups and other china-ware, chiselled on jewellery, engraved on boxes, in larger and smaller photographs.

Our little country has not produced any painter of equal celebrity, and yet our private and public collections prove the high standard of Danish art, both in times past and at present. We have a yearly exhibition of pictures at our academy, where at least fifty or sixty artists exhibit their works, and where there are always some pictures which show high accomplishment in the artist. I think the *forte* of our artists is in seapieces and landscapes, and they often take their subjects from our own national scenery, where plenty of water and vessels and plenty of wood is to be found. So far as the sea-pieces go, I think the Danish and the English taste is pretty much the same; and some of our artists in this line, as Malby and Sørensen, have many friends and customers in England. Another question is, whether English pupils would like our landscape-painting. I scarcely believe so, judging from your exhibitions and collections. I never in my life saw such a display of bright and gay colours as these: not a tree without the most brilliant golden hue produced by the rays of the setting sun, not a sky without a mixture of yellow-and-green stripes, not a lady or a boy but they were dressed just as gaudily as the smart ladies and children who were going about admiring one another, and sometimes casting a glance at a picture to admire the fine colours and the affected representation of a sensational tale. Perhaps it is all good taste —

perhaps Nature looks so to your English eyes; but it is not my taste, and to Danish eyes the whole seems a mistake. We are a very simple unaffected sort of people, who dislike every kind of false display. This national feeling influences much the national art, and you will therefore find a certain unaffected simpleness in all our works of art. Thorwaldsen was the simplest man in the world, and was therefore a specimen of a Danish artist; but the same quality is more or less to be found in every Danish picture. We don't care to see pictures of affected children dressed in the gayest colours, or of heartrending scenes; we don't care to see Nature represented as it perhaps may happen to look at a quite exceptional moment, when the setting sun or a rising storm throw a peculiar strange light on the objects. We like to see a quiet landscape in a bright sunlight; we never get tired of pictures representing a part of our beautiful woods with a road winding through the trees, with some deer gathering round a pond shaded by the trees, while the sun throws its flickering light through the branches on the grassy ground. We like to see Nature in its happy quiet state, but not in a state of excitement and exultation. It is not for me to decide which taste is the best, but of course I think that mine is the best.

Let us now turn to music. There we find the national character again; our music is soft and quiet, and without display. Our country has never produced any Mozart, or Haydn, or Meyerbeer; but we have had many composers of second rank, as Weyss and Kuhlau, whose ballads and pianoforte compositions give a perfect expression of the Danish character; and at present the name of Mr. Gade is known over the whole musical world, and his works are appreciated even by our German friends. A foreigner would perhaps scarcely call the Danes a musical people, and yet there is a great taste for good music, and deep love of it. Music is considered a necessary accomplishment for a young lady, and you will find a piano in every house in the town, and nearly in the whole country; all boys and all girls are taught singing in the schools; in every town and in many villages there are philharmonic societies, and in Copenhagen several of them with such a number of members that no more can be admitted; the students at the university, the clerks of the merchants' offices, the painters, the bricklayers, and all other artisans and workmen, form separate singing-clubs with weekly meetings to practise songs for four voices, and give concerts for

friends and acquaintances. There is therefore frequent opportunity, especially in Copenhagen, to hear good music.

We have not any regular Italian opera, and must be pleased when some of the greater or minor European singers stay here a short time on their way from St. Petersburg to London, and form a kind of Italian band chiefly consisting of Americans. But many prefer to hear the operas performed by our own singers at our royal theatres, where this kind of theatrical art is cultivated. It is quite true we have no Patti or Christine Nilsson — and if we had them we should soon lose them — and we have not such a stage and such scenery as you are accustomed to in London. However, we enjoy the opera in our quiet simple way in our small theatre for 2s. 6d. without any smart dressing, just as much as you, and perhaps more than you, sitting in all your state in the dearly-paid-for orchestra-stalls. We have an excellent orchestra, and a very well-conducted chorus, and several second-rate singers of both sexes, who sing without many roudades, and cadences, and yard-long shakes; but with sufficient good taste to mind their parts in the opera more than the applause of the audience, so that Elvira does not run down to the lamps to bow with the most smiling face in the middle of one of her most plaintive airs. As eight or ten different operas are performed, and rather frequently performed, in the course of every season, and the entrance is easy and cheap, nearly everybody here is well acquainted with all the famous operas; the overtures or collections of their musical airs are then published in cheap editions, and practised by our young folks on the piano, or played by our regimental bands, or in our places of amusement — and by this means made the property of even the poorest classes, for whom the theatre is too expensive. Besides this, we have many other opportunities of hearing good music, as not only all singing-clubs, but also the different philharmonic societies give concerts at which the best classic music is well performed. Even in our great place of amusement, called Tivoli, there is an excellent orchestra, conducted for twenty-six years by the same man. Besides waltzes and lighter music, nearly every evening one of the old masterpieces is played, and every Saturday evening one of Beethoven's or Mozart's symphonies is performed; and it is a good proof of the widely-spread musical taste that even on these evenings the large music-hall is more crowded than ever. Sacred music is cultivated by a separate society, and now and then concerts exclusively for sacred

music are given in one or other of our churches.

Now, I have only a few words more to say about our poetical qualities. We have not at present any great poet; nor have you or any other people in the world, as it is not a season for poetry but for policy. But the first half of this century was so rich in eminent poets that a great treasure is left to the present generation. You have scarcely heard the names of Pleiberg, Plancker, Plesby, and Ingomarr; but Oehlenschläger's name cannot be unknown to you. Although brought up by Goethe and Schiller, he has the great merit of introducing the old Scandinavian mythology in our poetical works, and has written a poem called "The Gods of the North," in which the old sagas are repeated in a poetical style. He has founded a national tragedy, by taking his subjects from the times of the old Vikings, and has also written many lyric poems. But even if he is well known and appreciated by all educated people, he has not had that great influence on the whole people as your Shakespeare; he does not live on our lips, and you will very seldom find him quoted. This is much more the case with Pleiberg, a contemporary of Molière, and an author of the same style of comedies. We are always ready to enjoy a good joke and appreciate every kind of art, and have a sharp eye for everything ridiculous in customs and manners; therefore Pleiberg has always been, and will always be, the most popular author in Denmark. Many repartees in his comedies are quoted again and again, and many of his characters — as the "Busy Bee," the "State Tinker," the "Garrulous Barber," the "Boasting Soldier" — are so well adapted to the present time that one often doubts whether it is oneself, or the gentleman one dined with yesterday, that has been brought on the stage.

You won't wonder that we have a national stage when we have such authors of tragedies and comedies as Oehlenschläger and Pleiberg, besides a whole series of authors of vaudevilles, plays and dramas; and in the first half of this century our national theatre could boast of a collection of actors that could compete with any stage in the world. They are, with a single exception, all gone to rest; but they exercised a great influence on their contemporaries, and have contributed greatly to the refinement of the taste for theatrical representations. About this we shall on another occasion tell you a little more. I shall only mention that the famous Hans Christian Andersen has also written some plays for the theatre. About

his fairy-tales I need not tell you, as you know them better than I; but, in my opinion, we have many prose authors who equally deserve to be read by English people.

It will here be the right place to mention a rather characteristic quality of the Danish people — viz., our highly-developed *critical* sense. We are all great critics, and see the faults and the deficiencies much sooner than the good sides and the perfections. The reason for this is, that our mind is stronger than our heart. We are certainly a rather kind-hearted and good-natured people, but at the same time a little cold and slow; we are not easily thrown into passion, and our feelings are not so easily awakened. By nature we are more fit for cold reasoning than for warm feeling, and our whole education contributes its share to increase this peculiarity: the perpetual reading and studying in those years when the heart is most open to impressions, develops the intellect at the expense of the heart. We therefore, as a rule, think, consider, and meditate before we give ourselves up to our feelings. This is not without some influence on our national art, as it refines our taste, and makes us distinguish between shallow display and real merit; but it also debars us from many innocent pleasures, and makes us a little too difficult to please and amuse, because we too soon discover the weak points, and in them forget, or do not appreciate, what may, with all its faults, have some merit. There is, in this respect, a great difference between English and Danish people. You have, with all your practical intellect, a wonderfully childlike heart, and very strong and easily-awakened feelings; you enjoy what pleases you without minding whether a sharp critic approve of it or not. I have often wondered to see how people, who had a refined musical taste, and never missed any opportunity of hearing classical music at your excellent concerts, could heartily enjoy the barbarous music of a passing volunteer-band; or how ladies and gentlemen, who had been brought up with your National Gallery before their eyes, and seen many fine pieces of sculpture, could appreciate your modern pictures with their unnaturally gay colours or hideous marble vases, when only a yellow light was thrown on them through a stained window; or how educated and accomplished people, with good classical learning and sedate manners, could clap their hands like children and laugh heartily at a garrulous pantomime with its scenery and transformations, or at a noisy play with a stupid dialogue. I have

wondered at this, but I could not help liking you the more for it, as it told me of your childlike good-natured heart, that could enjoy an innocent pleasure without minding the rules of a strict critic. How often I have wished that this were the case with us! We are much too critical for that; we soon find out the weak point of a picture or a play, and even if we don't we dare not quite give ourselves up to a hearty enjoyment and approval of what we see, for fear it should be a mistake, and neighbours should be displeased with our bad taste. This keen critical feeling has another great disadvantage, as it makes us very slow in our progress and our whole administration. Every improvement in our public life, every unimportant arrangement, every useful proposal, must first be considered and examined from all sides, to see whether the advantages or the disadvantages are the greatest, and generally the last are found to be so. You may propose as useful a change as you like, and clearly prove how everybody would gain and nobody lose by it — nobody will make a step to put it into execution, but everybody will have some objections to it. You send in your proposal to a high authority; this sends it to another authority under it, and this again to a third; and when it, after months or years, comes back to the place it originally went out from, it will be accompanied by so many declarations, all against you, and by no single recommendation in favour of you, that the general answer will be in the negative. Everybody feels obliged to find fault — nobody is carried away by his enthusiasm. So it is in state matters, so it is in financial matters, so it is in private affairs. One thing is to be said — we never do anything inconsiderately so that we have to alter it again soon; we did not enjoy gas or water laid on in our capital till the system had been tried by the whole civilized world, and we don't introduce a gun into our army till we have learnt from other countries' experience which is the best. And we are perhaps right in doing so, but a little more decided enthusiasm would often be a great blessing.

I am afraid that you will find a little of the same slowness in our whole way of working, and in the conducting of our business; we are an *industrious and diligent*, but not a hardworking people. Like all inhabitants of northern countries, we are obliged to work rather diligently, as the ground without this would not yield any fruit, and the climate makes us require much animal food; but, generally speaking, we don't work harder or faster than we are

obliged to do. We are not such a hard-working set as you, to whom energetic work seems a pleasure or a necessity: we don't, to that degree, separate work from enjoying life; we don't leave house, wife, and children to themselves for our work's sake; we don't shut ourselves up the whole day in dark caves, far from all our dear ones; we don't hurry from morning till evening to make ourselves nervous and overfatigued; we don't overwork ourselves some years to be able to retire rather early as a rich man. Our ways are much more quiet and gentle, and we have always plenty of time to do everything besides our work, as we have not yet quite caught the meaning of the words, "Time is money." Our bankers and great merchants spend some hours a day in their offices to superintend their business, but they are not so busy but that they find time to have a little chat about the news of the day, or even to smoke a cigar (a case of which is a necessary item to every place of business), with a customer or friend who happens to call; even the busiest man will have time to enjoy all his meals quietly with his family, and to accompany it to dinner-parties, concerts, &c. A friend, and still more a customer, would not like, when he perhaps came from a distant place to see the head of the business, to be treated in that short and cool business-way in which you treat people who come hundreds of miles on purpose to see you and do business with you; and therefore, Danish people often feel shocked by this in England, as they are accustomed to find so different a reception at an office here, even if they have had only a street to walk down to the office from their home. The whole English busy-bee way is still rather unknown to us, but will some time also find its way here. Many of our lawyers have large business to transact; many of our physicians have plenty of patients to attend; many of our clergymen have thousands of souls entrusted to their care — and all of them mind their business carefully. There is not, as a rule, any slovenliness or neglect to be found amongst our professional people, who, as a class, are not only intelligent and well prepared for their work, but also careful and conscientious in all their doings. But they are never overloaded with work; they always find time for breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper with their families; they have always half an hour left for a call on a friend's birthday, they have two or three evenings a week to spend in dinner-parties or the theatre, and they are always glad to see a friend coming in for a talk. Our many well-to-do mechanics and tradesmen — to be sure they

have to work, and in their own opinion pretty hard work too; but in your eyes they would seem rather lazy. They work quietly and gently, often both weekdays and Sunday; but there is not any anxiety to try to do ever more and more in the same space of time, to extend the business and employ more workmen, to find out something new that would attract public attention and allure customers, so as to exclude all competition from their range of business. Even a mechanic or a shopkeeper enjoys the family meals quietly, and has often time to take a walk with his children, or go with his well-dressed family to a tea-garden.

One reason for this rather slow but quiet mode of life and work — for this perpetual intermixture of work, family life, and pleasure, which must seem so very strange to you — is our whole domestic arrangement; our business and our family are to be found in the same house. The banker has his office on the second-floor, and his family lives on the first-floor; the shopkeeper has his shop facing the street, and the rooms for his family behind the shop facing the yard; the mechanic has his workshop at the top of the house, or in some back-room of the same house in which he has some rooms and a kitchen for his family. The lawyers use one of the largest rooms of their house as an office; and the doctors, who have to go out on their practice, are never so far off that they cannot get home and take a bit of luncheon, or their regular dinner. By this means business life and family life go well together; we don't live one part of the day in one place, and another in another; and the consequence of this is, again, that we don't give ourselves up to our work with such nervous anxiety as when we were shut up for a certain time in a business-place quite apart from all other interests of life. Another reason for this peculiar quiet mode of working is, I am happy to say, that we don't know, at least not as a general characteristic of the people, that awful thirst for riches that makes people consider gold and silver the highest boon of life, either for their own sake or for the enjoyments they permit one to indulge in. We like money well enough, and appreciate the comforts and pleasures of life, but our mode of living is simple; there is not at present such a general competition to outrun one another in making a display; many of us live up to our means, but we don't go so far that, after a short time of debauchery, we have to retire, having ruined ourselves and our families. We like money, and want all to be well off, but we don't esteem money to that degree that you English business-people

do; if we are fortunate enough by our work to gain, or by good economy to save, a little, we buy some stocks, and are much more pleased with a low but sure interest for it than a higher connected with the risk of using the savings to extend or improve our business. We are all anxious to prepare a life free from cares if we should happen to get old, but we don't care on that account to exclude ourselves from all enjoyments of life while we are young and able to enjoy life, and to spend our best years in working so exceedingly hard for a home that perhaps never falls to our lot; we like, therefore, better than anything, to get a public or private appointment with a moderate yearly salary, and the prospect of a little pension when we retire. Our motto is, rather a small and fixed income than a larger one which shall be uncertain and changeable.

Finally, there is one reason more for our not being so industrious, and energetic, and hardworking as we ought to be — and that is, our national *fondness for pleasure and dissipation*. We look grave and seem rather cold, yet we have an easy light mind, are always ready for good cheer, and have a strong sense of what is comic and witty, especially in the lower less-educated classes; it is wonderful to hear how they always have a joke ready and never want an answer, and it often strikes one how they, even under the saddest circumstances, make up their mind to bear afflictions with a manly and even a cheerful heart. We find the same again in the higher classes, who are, generally speaking, jolly and cheerful, and don't lose their courage very soon. And what is a general characteristic of the whole is in a still higher degree a peculiar characteristic of the Copenhageners; they are known everywhere as a rather jolly set, fond of pleasures and enjoyments. The first strophes of a vaudeville song,

"My good humour is my wealth,
It is my capital."

give a true picture of a real Copenhageners; his cheerful mind is as valuable to him as a great capital, and in some respects he is right. What is the use of all the riches of the world, when they can only be obtained by a nervous working from morning till evening, and are accompanied by great anxiety how to secure their possession? What is the advantage of having a beautifully-furnished house, with all possible comforts, when I never have time to be quiet there with my family, or to open it to my friends to enjoy the goods of life with them? And how can I enjoy anything with a care-

worn heart, and a mind always planning some fresh ways to increase my wealth? Rather, then, a little less earthly wealth and an easy mind, ready to enjoy the blessings sent us from heaven — rather a plainer house and less display of plate and champagne, when I can fully enjoy my home with my family and my friends. No doubt a cheerful mind and a light heart are great blessings: they make the social life much more cheerful and comfortable, and they help us on many a time to bear the hard afflictions of life. Without these enviable qualities the Danish people would never have been able again to raise its head after its hard trials, and to fight once more for its existence with its too mighty neighbour, when he sooner or later stretches his hand out after the rest of his prey, and when England and all the other great Powers assure us of their sympathy, but leave the fighting to ourselves. However, this easy heart and cheerful mind, this open sense of the pleasant sort of life and light way to bear even great afflictions, has also its drawbacks and disadvantages — when at a time full of earnestness, when great dangers are near at hand on all sides, when every nerve has to be strained to resist an invading enemy, and every source of wealth to be developed and expanded to give the material means to bear the great expenses of a war — when, at such a fateful period, the people do not rise up to new and energetic efforts, but just at such a time seem more than ever inclined to indulge in pleasures and enjoyments. And it is not without reason that foreigners who visit Copenhagen make this remark about its inhabitants. I am afraid there is a little too much pleasure-seeking amongst us. The higher middle-class, as merchants and professional people, are given up too much to a kind of dinner-party life, the aim of which is to be engaged for good dinners with friends as many days of the week as possible during the whole winter season, and sometimes in the summer too. Some person gives three or four dinner-parties a year for twenty or thirty persons each, and invites to them, let us say, thirty or forty different families he knows but little or nothing of, but has happened to meet somewhere else, and now he expects to be invited back to dinner-parties by all these friends. This mode of life has many disadvantages. It draws the parents too much from their homes and their children, and spoils the taste for a happy quiet life: new excitement is ever wanted, and new friends are always looked out for, as people are very anxious nowadays to know and be known by the whole world. I won't

say that people neglect their duties for the parties' sake, but one can do one's duty in many different ways: it can be done with pleasure, and with one's whole time and strength; and it can be done slovenly, considering it a burden one only wants to throw off as soon as possible. And it is impossible that I can pay the proper attention to my duty when I am every day whirled about in a stream of pleasure: work and labour get tedious and troublesome to me, all industry and energy are done for, and these qualities are just what we want more than anything.

Coming a little further down to the lower middle-classes — the shop-keepers and the mechanics — we again find the same fondness for pleasure and amusements. It is quite true that this class is in Denmark, perhaps, better educated than anywhere else: they are all free and independent men, who work with their assistants for themselves; they are not in the hands of large establishments that would take the highest advantage of their labour, but are in direct connection with their customers. When they, then, can satisfy these, and by the profit subsist pretty well and have a good substantial dinner, a tidy little home, and good clothes for the children — when they can take them out for a walk, they don't covet anything more, and try to enjoy life without so many anxious thoughts for the next year or the days of old age. This is in many respects a happy state of things, and the Danish mechanic class is to be envied by their brothers in other countries: they don't perhaps earn so much as a clever workman could earn anywhere else — they cannot generally make fortunes by their work; but they are free and independent, and they don't ask so much in order to be happy, and their light and easy mind enables them to enjoy the blessings of life. It is a pleasant sight to see hundreds and thousands of families of the lower middle-classes, with fresh cheeks and cheerful eyes, and well-dressed, go out of Copenhagen on a Sunday afternoon, in the summer, to the gardens and woods in the neighbourhood; the mother, with the bigger boys, carrying the basket with sandwiches and coffee and sugar; the father, with the little girl in one hand, and pushing baby in the perambulator. It is a great benefit, both to the old and the young, to get out of the close town and spend the afternoon in the beautiful woody places, with the fresh air and the soft grass. So far all is right and good; but they want more than this, especially a little more excitement.

We have, just out of town, an excellent

place of amusement called Tivoli, where for 4 l-2d. you can enjoy a pretty garden nicely lighted in the evening, see a pantomime or a little play, hear very good music, see the fireworks, and all in company with the best classes of the population. It is a benefit to a large town to have such a decent establishment, where even the lower classes can afford to amuse themselves once and away. But the mischief is that this establishment has called to life a whole sea of imitations, that, with more or less success, try to draw the public attention to themselves. Along a line of one or two English miles you will find one "Beer Halle" after another, some with gardens lighted in the evening, and nearly all of them with bands or singers. These establishments, that have all sprung up within the last twenty-five years, seem to prove a great attraction to the lower middle-classes in the summer and winter, who fill them all: here is no fresh air to inhale, but plenty of cigar-smoke, and the smell of beer and punch; here is no beautiful landscape to enjoy, no songs of little birds to listen to, but a gaudily-lighted room, that makes the simple home feel very dull, and screaming lady-singers that don't improve the taste for good music.

It was a great pity to notice this hunting after pleasure and dissipation more and more increasing in all classes of the Copenhagen population, just at a time when industry and energy were more wanted than at any time, if we desire to make ourselves ready for a new fight for existence; but the people have not yet been degraded by pleasure, and will never be degraded by it as long as it is as *moderate* in all its enjoyments as now. You will, as all other foreigners, wonder to see how well-behaved, how orderly and moderate, our people are even in their amusements: they are fond of pleasure, because life seems easy and light to them, but they are not fond of drinking to get tipsy, and to forget all the cares and troubles of life. At dinner-parties you will see people sit down to eat and drink well, and we don't mind it — but even like that our friends get a little merry, that the conversation is a little livelier and more animated than usual, that a good joke is said which can make us all laugh, that a jolly toast is proposed, &c.; but we don't take more wine than we can well bear, and don't take it for its own sake, but for good company's sake; and we gentlemen don't stop at the table to take an extra glass or bottle of port when the ladies have left, but see them properly to the drawing-room. We have very nice confectioners, where old and young men, and also ladies, can comfortably

sit down, and, for a few pence, take a bottle of beer or a cup of chocolate and read the papers; but I am happy to say we have no beershops, where gentlemen and workmen and cabdrivers, where men and women of all descriptions, gather round the tap to drink their gin or their ale, standing till they sink down drunk; even the commonest workman wants to sit quietly down in a nice room, and have his brandy or beer brought him on a proper tray, and when he has enjoyed his refreshment he leaves the place just as quietly as he entered it. It is quite an exception to meet a tipsy man in the streets; if such a thing happens, you will see him surrounded by a whole crowd of boys, who heartily enjoy the funny sight. And when the whole stream of people return to town on the Sunday evening from their excursions, they walk just as quietly and happily — parents and children together, baby on the arms of papa — as when they went out, and you may venture (as many Copenhageners even of the best classes do), to put yourself into a third-class carriage from the Deer Park to town on a Sunday evening; you would never think that perhaps forty of the fifty passengers there were shopkeepers, mechanics, or workmen, returning home with their families after a merry day. As long as people amuse themselves in this quiet, moderate way, there is not any great danger of enervation or degradation, and the Copenhageners have always proved to be the hardiest and most courageous soldiers. The standard of the 1st Regiment, consisting entirely of Copenhageners, is a rag perforated by Sleswig-Holstein and Prussian balls in the wars from 1848-50 and 1863-4, but has always been carried home in triumph; and the same men will be ready at any moment to leave their homes and families, their work and their amusements, and to march at the head of the whole nation against the Prussians, to gain the victory or to fall!

There may possibly be a few more characteristics of the Danish population, but I shall take another opportunity of telling you a little about them. I shall here only mention one thing, but of great importance to you, as I am now going to answer a question I am pretty sure you will ask me before you decide on a shorter or longer stay with us — viz., whether Copenhagen is a clean town, and the Danes a tidy people? I am glad to be able to say "yes" to both questions; our city is as nice and clean as any, our people as tidy as any. It is true we are not so tidy in our persons as some of you English ladies and gentlemen; you are a washing and splashing people, accustomed

from childhood to be cleaned several times a day from top to toe, and you are also in this respect a very refined people, who can afford to keep the most exquisite tools and instruments and apparatus for cleaning purposes, and you are extravagant enough to spend great sums on the luxury of your dressing-rooms. You will, therefore, the first time miss a few things you had been accustomed to see about you when you were making your toilet. You won't hear a knock at the door in the morning, to tell you that hot shaving-water is ready for you; you won't find such enormous jugs and basins as you perhaps like, large enough to put your whole head in, or to dive an arm or a leg in; you won't always find a water-can or a slop-pail, or a nice little bath, in your dressing-room, and (what is still worse) you won't find any dressing-room at all, and you will therefore have to be content with your bedroom. There is no hot water put into your room before dinner and in the evening, and you had better not ring for it till you have found an opportunity of ascertaining whether the house is generally supplied with hot water or not. In all these things you will find the usual simple Danish ways, and you must try to put up with them. A small jug and a basin, a piece of soap and a nail-brush, a sponge, a comb, and a hair-brush — *voilà tout!* It is simple and nice, and yet I assure you we are as clean and tidy as anybody. We don't always shave in the morning before breakfast; we don't clean our whole body every day; we don't so repeatedly wash our faces and our hands, because we have been in the streets for an hour or less: nor do we want it, as we don't know anything of the mixture of fog and smoke that makes the London atmosphere so peculiarly attractive, and leaves its marks on skin and linen. If one is once clean it is not so easy to get dirty, and we could after an hour's walk in town go to a friend's house, and sit down to his dinner with a face as clean as if it had just come from the laundress. Therefore don't have any scruples on this account; you will find a clean and tidy people, with a general sense of cleanliness even in the lower classes, which don't know anything of squalid poverty. The ladies and gentlemen you come in contact with will be as tidy and clean as yourself, and the population you will only know from sight will give you a good specimen of a tidy set. And the general tidiness is not only limited to the persons, but you will have an impression of it everywhere. Our streets are swept every day, and we are not allowed to leave snow and ice on the pavement till it melts, nor can we boast of eight

inches of deep greasy mud, such as London can astonish us poor foreigners with; our hotels, our stations, our railway-carriages, our churches, our public places and buildings, our museums and collections, are clean and tidy. But this is still more the case with our houses: twice a year they are thoroughly cleansed from one end to another, and not even your bootjack or your penholder will escape the soap-brush; and once a week all the floors are scrubbed, and the doors and windows cleaned; and as we don't know anything of smoke or coal-dust, you may believe that our rooms look pretty tidy.

Here we are, with our good and bad qualities, with our perfections and deficiencies. If the picture has not frightened you, come and see the original.

THE SPOTTED DOG.

BY MR. TROLLOPE, EDITOR OF SAINT PAULS.

PART I. — THE ATTEMPT.

SOME few years since we received the following letter; —

"DEAR SIR,

"I write to you for literary employment, and I implore you to provide me with it if it be within your power to do so. My capacity for such work is not small, and my acquirements are considerable. My need is very great, and my views in regard to remuneration are modest. I was educated at —, and was afterwards a scholar of — College, Cambridge. I left the university without a degree, in consequence of a quarrel with the college tutor. I was rusticated, and not allowed to return. After that I became for a while a student for the Chancery Bar. I then lived for some years in Paris, and I understand and speak French as though it were my own language. For all purposes of literature I am equally conversant with German. I read Italian. I am, of course, familiar with Latin. In regard to Greek I will only say that I am less ignorant of it than nineteen twentieths of our national scholars. I am well read in modern and ancient history. I have especially studied political economy. I have not neglected other matters necessary to the education of an enlightened man, — unless it be natural philosophy. I can write English, and can write it with rapidity. I am a poet; — at least, I so esteem myself. I am not a believer. My character will not bear investigation; — in saying which, I mean you to understand,

not that I steal or cheat, but that I live in a dirty lodging, spend many of my hours in a public-house, and cannot pay tradesmen's bills where tradesmen have been found to trust me. I have a wife and four children, — which burden forbids me to free myself from all care by a bare bodkin. I am just past forty, and since I quarrelled with my family, because I could not understand The Trinity, I have never been the owner of a ten-pound note. My wife was not a lady. I married her because I was determined to take refuge from the conventional thralldom of so-called 'gentlemen' amidst the liberty of the lower orders. My life, of course, has been a mistake. Indeed, to live at all, — is it not a folly?

"I am at present employed on the staff of two or three of the 'Penny Dreadfuls.' Your august highness in literature has perhaps never heard of a 'Penny Dreadful.' I write for them matter, which we among ourselves call 'blood and nastiness,' — and which is copied from one to another. For this I am paid forty-five shillings a week. For thirty shillings a week I will do any work that you may impose upon me for the term of six months. I write this letter as a last effort to rescue myself from the filth of my present position, but I entertain no hope of any success. If you ask it I will come and see you; but do not send for me unless you mean to employ me, as I am ashamed of myself. I live at No 3, Cucumber Court, Gray's Inn Lane; — but if you write, address to the care of Mr. Grimes, the Spotted Dog, Liquorpond Street. Now I have told you my whole life, and you may help me if you will. I do not expect an answer.

"Yours truly,

"JULIUS MACKENZIE."

Indeed he had told us his whole life, and what a picture of a life he had drawn! There was something in the letter which compelled attention. It was impossible to throw it, half read, into the waste-paper basket, and to think of it not at all. We did read it, probably twice and then put ourselves to work to consider how much of it might be true and how much false. Had the man been a boy at —, and then a scholar of his college? We concluded that, so far, the narrative was true. Had he abandoned his dependence on wealthy friends from conscientious scruples, as he pretended; or had other and less creditable reasons caused the severance? On that point we did not quite believe him. And then, as to those assertions made by himself in regard to his own capabilities, —

how far did they gain credence with us? We think that we believed them all, making some small discount, — with the exception of that one in which he proclaimed himself to be a poet. A man may know whether he understands French, and be quite ignorant whether the rhymed lines which he produces are or are not poetry. When he told us that he was an infidel, and that his character would not bear investigation, we went with him altogether. His allusion to suicide we regarded as a foolish boast. We gave him credit for the four children, but were not certain about the wife. We quite believed the general assertion of his impecuniosity. That stuff about "conventional thralldom" we hope we took at its worth. When he told us that his life had been a mistake he spoke to us Gospel truth.

Of the "Penny Dreadfuls," and of "blood and nastiness," so called, we had never before heard, but we did not think it remarkable that a man so gifted as our correspondent should earn forty-five shillings a week by writing for the cheaper periodicals. It did not, however, appear to us probable that any one so remunerated would be willing to leave that engagement for another which should give him only thirty shillings. When he spoke of the "filth of his present position," our heart began to bleed for him. We know what it is so well, and can fathom so accurately the degradation of the educated man, who having been ambitious in the career of literature, falls into that slough of despond by which the profession of literature is almost surrounded. There we were with him, as brothers together. When we came to Mr. Grimes and the Spotted Dog, in Liquorpond Street, we thought that we had better refrain from answering the letter, — by which decision on our part he would not, according to his own statement, be much disappointed. Mr. Julius Mackenzie! Perhaps at this very time rich uncles and aunts were buttoning up their pockets against the sinner because of his devotion to the Spotted Dog. There are well-to-do people among the Mackenzies. It might be the case that that heterodox want of comprehension in regard to The Trinity was the cause of it; but we have observed that in most families, grievous as are doubts upon such sacred subjects, they are not held to be cause of hostility so invincible as is a thorough-going devotion to a Spotted Dog. If the Spotted Dog had brought about these troubles, any interposition from ourselves would be useless.

For twenty-four hours we had given up all idea of answering the letter; but it then occurred to us that men who have become

disreputable as drunkards do not put forth their own abominations when making appeals for aid. If this man were really given to drink he would hardly have told us of his association with the public-house. Probably he was much at the Spotted Dog, and hated himself for being there. The more we thought of it the more we fancied that the gist of his letter might be true. It seemed that the man had desired to tell the truth as he himself had believed it.

It so happened that at that time we had been asked to provide an index to a certain learned manuscript in three volumes. The intended publisher of the work had already procured an index from a professional compiler of such matters; but the thing had been so badly done that it could not be used. Some knowledge of the classics was required, though it was not much more than a familiarity with the names of Latin and Greek authors, to which perhaps should be added some acquaintance with the names also, of the better-known editors and commentators. The gentleman who had had the task in hand had failed conspicuously, and I had been told by my enterprising friend Mr. X—, the publisher, that £25 would be freely paid on the proper accomplishment of the undertaking. The work, apparently so trifling in its nature, demanded a scholar's acquirements, and could hardly be completed in less than two months. We had snubbed the offer, saying that we should be ashamed to ask an educated man to give his time and labour for so small a remuneration; — but to Mr. Julius Mackenzie £25 for two months' work would manifestly be a godsend. If Mr. Julius Mackenzie did in truth possess the knowledge for which he gave himself credit; if he was, as he said, "familiar with Latin," and was "less ignorant of Greek than nineteen twentieths of our national scholars," he might perhaps be able to earn this £25. We therefore wrote to Mr. Julius Mackenzie, and requested his presence. Our note was short, cautious, and also courteous. We regretted that a man so gifted should be driven by stress of circumstances to such need. We could undertake nothing; but if it would not put him to too much trouble to call upon us, we might perhaps be able to suggest something to him. Precisely at the hour named Mr. Julius Mackenzie came to us.

We well remember his appearance, which was one unutterably painful to behold. He was a tall man, very thin, — thin we might say as a whipping-post, were it not that one's idea of a whipping-post conveys erectness and rigidity, whereas this man, as he

stood before us, was full of bends and curves and crookedness. His big head seemed to lean forward over his miserably narrow chest. His back was bowed, and his legs were crooked and tottering. He had told us that he was over forty, but we doubted, and doubt now, whether he had not added something to his years, in order partially to excuse the wan, worn weariness of his countenance. He carried an infinity of thick, ragged, wild, dirty hair, dark in colour, though not black, which age had not yet begun to grizzle. He wore a miserable attempt at a beard, stubby, uneven, and half-shorn, — as though it had been cut down within an inch of his chin with blunt scissors. He had two ugly projecting teeth, and his cheeks were hollow. His eyes were deep set, but very bright, illuminating his whole face; so that it was impossible to look at him and to think him to be one wholly insignificant. His eyebrows were large and shaggy, but well-formed, not meeting across the brow, with single, stiffly projecting hairs, — a pair of eyebrows which added much strength to his countenance. His nose was long and well-shaped, — but red as a huge carbuncle. The moment we saw him we connected that nose with the Spotted Dog. It was not a blotched nose, not a nose covered with many carbuncles, but a brightly red, smooth, well-formed nose, one glowing carbuncle in itself. He was dressed in a long brown great-coat, which buttoned up round his throat, and which came nearly to his feet. The binding of the coat was frayed, the button-holes were tattered, the velvet collar had become party-coloured with dirt and usage. It was in the month of December, and a great-coat was needed; but this great-coat looked as though it were worn because other garments were not at his command. Not an inch of linen or even of flannel shirt was visible. Below his coat we could only see his broken boots and the soiled legs of his trousers, which had reached that age which in trousers defies description. When we looked at him we could not but ask ourselves whether this man had been born a gentleman and was still a scholar. And yet there was that in his face which prompted us to believe the account he had given of himself. As we looked at him we felt sure that he possessed keen intellect, and that he was too much of a man to boast of acquirements which he did not believe himself to possess. We shook hands with him, asked him to sit down, and murmured something of our sorrow that he should be in distress.

"I am pretty well used to it," said he. There was nothing mean in his voice; — there was indeed a touch of humour in it,

and in his manner there was nothing of the abjectness of supplication. We had his letter in our hands, and we read a portion of it again as he sat opposite to us. We then remarked that we did not understand how he, having a wife and family dependent on him, could offer to give up a third of his income with the mere object of changing the nature of his work. "You don't know what it is," said he, "to write for the 'Penny Dreadfuls.' I'm at it seven hours a day, and hate the very words that I write. I cursed myself afterwards for sending that letter. I know that to hope is to be an ass. But I did send it, and here I am."

We looked at his nose and felt that we must be careful before we suggested to our learned friend, Dr. —, to put his manuscript into the hands of Mr. Julius Mackenzie. If it had been a printed book the attempt might have been made without much hazard, but our friend's work, which was elaborate, and very learned, had not yet reached the honours of the printing-house. We had had our own doubts whether it might ever assume the form of a real book; but our friend, who was a wealthy as well as a learned man, was, as yet, very determined. He desired, at any rate, that the thing should be perfected, and his publisher had therefore come to us offering £25 for the codification and index. Were anything other than good to befall his manuscript, his lamentations would be loud, not on his own score, — but on behalf of learning in general. It behoved us therefore to be cautious. We pretended to read the letter again, in order that we might gain time for a decision, for we were greatly frightened by that gleaming nose.

Let the reader understand that the nose was by no means Bardolphian. If we have read Shakespeare aright, Bardolph's nose was a thing of terror from its size as well as its hue. It was a mighty vat, into which had ascended all the divinest particles distilled from the cellars of the hostelry in Eastcheap. Such at least is the idea which stage representations have left upon all our minds. But the nose now before us was a well-formed nose, would have been a commanding nose, — for the power of command shows itself much in the nasal organ, — had it not been for its colour. While we were thinking of this, and doubting much as to our friend's manuscript, Mr. Mackenzie interrupted us. "You think I am a drunkard," said he. The man's mother-wit had enabled him to read our inmost thoughts.

As we looked up the man had risen from his chair, and was standing over us. He loomed upon us very tall, although his legs

were crooked, and his back bent. Those piercing eyes, and that nose which almost assumed an air of authority as he carried it, were a great way above us. There seemed to be an infinity of that old brown great-coat. He had divined our thoughts, and we did not dare to contradict him. We felt that a weak, rapid, unmanly smile was creeping over our face. We were smiling as a man smiles who intends to imply some contemptuous assent with the self-deprecating comment of his companion. Such a mode of expression is in our estimation most cowardly, and most odious. We had not intended it, but we knew that the smile had pervaded us. "Of course you do," said he. "I was a drunkard, but I am not one now. It doesn't matter;—only I wish you hadn't sent for me. I'll go away at once."

So saying, he was about to depart, but we stopped him. We assured him with much energy that we did not mean to offend him. He protested that there was no offence. He was too well used to that kind of thing to be made "more than wretched by it." Such was his heart-breaking phrase. "As for anger, I've lost all that long ago. Of course you take me for a drunkard, and I should still be a drunkard, only —"

"Only what?" I asked.

"It don't matter," said he. "I need not trouble you with more than I have said already. You haven't got anything for me to do, I suppose?" Then I explained to him that I had something he might do, if I could venture to entrust him with the work. With some trouble I got him to sit down again, and to listen while I explained to him the circumstances. I had been grievously afflicted when he alluded to his former habit of drinking, — a former habit, as he himself now stated, — but I entertained no hesitation in raising questions as to his erudition. I felt almost assured that his answers would be satisfactory, and that no discomfiture would arise from such questioning. We were quickly able to perceive that we at any rate could not examine him in classical literature. As soon as we mentioned the name and nature of the work he went off at score, and satisfied us simply that he was familiar at least with the title-pages of editions. We began, indeed, to fear whether he might not be too caustic a critic on our own friend's performance. "Dr. — is only an amateur himself," said we, deprecating in advance any such exercise of the red-nosed man's too severe erudition. "We never get much beyond dilettanteism here," said he, "as far as

terrible man he would have been could he have got upon the staff of the Saturday Review, instead of going to the Spotted Dog!

We endeavoured to bring the interview to an end by telling him that we would consult the learned Doctor from whom the manuscript had emanated; and we hinted that a reference would be of course acceptable. His impudence,—or, perhaps we should rather call it his straightforward sincere audacity,—was unbounded. "Mr. Grimes of the Spotted Dog knows me better than any one else," said he. We blew the breath out of our mouth with astonishment. "I'm not asking you to go to him to find out whether I know Latin and Greek," said Mr. Mackenzie. "You must find that out for yourself." We assured him that we thought we had found that out. "But he can tell you that I won't pawn your manuscript." The man was so grim and brave that he almost frightened us. We hinted, however, that literary reference should be given. The gentlemen who paid him forty-five shillings a week,—the manager, in short, of the "Penny Dreadful," might tell us something of him. Then he wrote for us a name on a scrap of paper, and added to it an address in the close vicinity of Fleet Street, at which we remembered to have seen the title of a periodical which we now knew to be a "Penny Dreadful."

Before he took his leave he made us a speech, again standing up over us, though we also were on our legs. It was that bend in his neck, combined with his natural height, which gave him such an air of superiority in conversation. He seemed to overshadow us, and to have his own way with us, because he was enabled to look down upon us. There was a foot-stool on our hearth-rug, and we remember to have attempted to stand upon that, in order that we might escape this supervision: but we stumbled, and had to kick it from us, and something was added to our sense of inferiority by this little failure. "I don't expect much from this," he said, "I never do expect much. And I have misfortunes independent of my poverty which make it impossible that I should be other than a miserable wretch."

"Bad health?" we asked.

"No;—nothing absolutely personal;—but never mind. I must not trouble you with more of my history. But if you can do this thing for me, it may be the means of redeeming me from utter degradation." We then assured him that we would do our best, and he left us with a promise that he would call again on that day week.

The first step which we took on his behalf was one the very idea of which had at first almost moved us to ridicule. We made inquiry respecting Mr. Julius Mackenzie, of Mr. Grimes, the landlord of the Spotted Dog. Though Mr. Grimes did keep the Spotted Dog, he might be a man of sense and, possibly, of conscience. At any rate he would tell us something, or confirm our doubts by refusing to tell us anything. We found Mr. Grimes seated in a very neat little back parlour, and were peculiarly taken by the appearance of a lady in a little cap and black silk gown, whom we soon found to be Mrs. Grimes. Had we ventured to employ our intellect in personifying for ourselves an imaginary Mrs. Grimes as the landlady of a Spotted Dog public-house in Liquorpond Street, the figure we should have built up for ourselves would have been the very opposite of that which this lady presented to us. She was slim, and young, and pretty, and had pleasant little tricks of words, in spite of occasional slips in her grammar, which made us almost think that it might be our duty to come very often to the Spotted Dog to inquire about Mr. Julius Mackenzie. Mr. Grimes was a man about forty,—fully ten years the senior of his wife,—with a clear grey eye, and a mouth and chin from which we surmised that he would be competent to clear the Spotted Dog of unruly visitors after twelve o'clock, whenever it might be his wish to do so. We soon made known our request. Mr. Mackenzie had come to us for literary employment. Could they tell us anything about Mr. Mackenzie.

"He's as clever an author, in the way of writing and that kind of thing, as there is in all London," said Mrs. Grimes with energy. Perhaps her opinion ought not to have been taken for much, but it had its weight. We explained, however, that at the present moment we were specially anxious to know something of the gentleman's character and mode of life. Mr. Grimes, whose manner to us was quite courteous, sat silent, thinking how to answer us. His more impulsive and friendly wife was again ready with her assurance. "There ain't an honest gentleman breathing;—and I say he is a gentleman, though he's that poor he hasn't sometimes a shirt to his back."

"I don't think he's ever very well off for shirts," said Mr. Grimes.

"I wouldn't be slow to give him one of yours, John, only I know he wouldn't take it," said Mrs. Grimes. "Well now, look here, sir;—we've that feeling for him that our young woman there would draw anything for him he'd ask,—money or no

money. She'd never venture to name money to him if he wanted a glass of anything,—hot or cold, beer or spirits. Isn't that so, John?"

"She's fool enough for anything as far as I know," said Mr. Grimes.

"She ain't no fool at all; and I'd do the same if I was there;—and so'd you, John. There is nothing Mackenzie'd ask as he wouldn't give him," said Mrs. Grimes, pointing with her thumb over her shoulder to her husband, who was standing on the hearth-rug;—"that is, in the way of drawing liquor, and refreshments, and such like. But he never raised a glass to his lips in this house as he didn't pay for, nor yet took a biscuit out of that basket. He's a gentleman all over, is Mackenzie."

It was strong testimony; but still we had not quite got at the bottom of the matter. "Doesn't he raise a great many glasses to his lips?" we asked.

"No he don't," said Mrs. Grimes,—
"only in reason."

"He's had misfortunes," said Mr. Grimes.

"Indeed and he has," said the lady,—
"what I call the very troublesomest of troubles. If you was troubled like him, John, where'd you be?"

"I know where you'd be," said John.

"He's got a bad wife, sir; the worst as ever was," continued Mrs. Grimes. "Talk of drink; there is nothing that woman wouldn't do for it. She'd pawn the very clothes off her children's back in mid-winter to get it. She'd rob the food out of her husband's mouth for a drop of gin. As for herself,—she ain't no woman's notions left of keeping herself any way. She'd as soon be picked out of the gutter as not; and as for words out of her mouth or clothes on her back, she hasn't got, sir, not an item of a female's feelings left about her."

Mrs. Grimes had been very eloquent, and had painted the "troublesomest of all troubles" with glowing words. This was what the wretched man had come to by marrying a woman who was not a lady in order that he might escape the "conventional thralldom" of gentility! But still the drunken wife was not all. There was the evidence of his own nose against himself, and the additional fact that he had acknowledged himself to have been formerly a drunkard. "I suppose he has drank, himself?" we said.

"He has drunk, in course," said Mrs. Grimes.

"The world has been pretty rough with him, sir," said Mr. Grimes.

"But he don't drink now," continued the lady. "At least if he do, we don't see it.

As for her, she wouldn't show herself inside our door."

"It ain't often that man and wife draws their milk from the same cow," said Mr. Grimes.

"But Mackenzie is here every day of his life," said Mrs. Grimes. "When he's got a shixpence to pay for it, he'll come in here and have a glass of beer and a bit of something to eat. We does make him a little extra welcome, and that's the truth of it. We knows what he is, and we knows what he was. As for book learning, sir;—it don't matter what language it is, it's all as one to him. He knows 'em all round just as I know my catechism."

"Can't you say fairer than that for him, Polly?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"Don't you talk of catechisms, John; nor yet of nothing else as a man ought to set his mind to;—unless it is keeping the Spotted Dog. But as for Mackenzie;—he knows off by heart whole books full of learning. There was some furreners here as came from,—I don't know where it was they came from, only it wasn't France, nor yet Germany, and he talked to them just as though he hadn't been born in England at all. I don't think there ever was such a man for knowing things. He'll go on with poetry out of his own head till you think it comes from him like web from a spider." We could not help thinking of the wonderful companionship which there must have been in that parlour while the reduced man was spinning his web and Mrs. Grimes, with her needle-work lying idle in her lap, was sitting by, listening with rapt admiration. In passing by the Spotted Dog one would not imagine such a scene to have its existence within. But then so many things do have existence of which we imagine nothing!

Mr. Grimes ended the interview. "The fact is, sir, if you can give him employment better than what he has now, you'll be helping a man who has seen better days, and who only wants help to see 'em again. He's got it all there," and Mr. Grimes put his finger up to his head.

"He's got it all here too," said Mrs. Grimes, laying her hand upon her heart. Hereupon we took our leave, suggesting to these excellent friends that if it should come to pass that we had further dealings with Mr. Mackenzie we might perhaps trouble them again. They assured us that we should be always welcome, and Mr. Grimes himself saw us to the door, having made profuse offers of such good cheer as the house afforded. We were upon the whole much taken with the Spotted Dog.

From thence we went to the office of the "Penny Dreadful," in the vicinity of Fleet Street. As we walked thither we could not but think of Mrs. Grimes' words. The troublesomest of troubles! We acknowledged to ourselves that they were true words. Can there be any trouble more troublesome than that of suffering from the shame inflicted by a degraded wife? We had just parted from Mr. Grimes,—not, indeed, having seen very much of him in the course of our interview;—but little as we had seen, we were sure that he was assisted in his position by a buoyant pride in that he called himself the master, and owner, and husband of Mrs. Grimes. In the very step with which he passed in and out of his own door you could see that there was nothing that he was ashamed of about his household. When abroad he could talk of his "missus," with a conviction that the picture which the word would convey to all who heard him would redound to his honour. But what must have been the reflections of Julius Mackenzie when his mind dwelt upon his wife? We remembered the words of his letter. "I have a wife and four children, which burden forbids me to free myself from all care with a bare bodkin." As we thought of them, and of the story which had been told to us at the Spotted Dog, they lost that tone of rhodomontade with which they had invested themselves when we first read them. A wife who is indifferent to being picked out of the gutter, and who will pawn her children's clothes for gin, must be a trouble than which none can be more troublesome.

We did not find that we ingratiated ourselves with the people at the office of the periodical for which Mr. Mackenzie worked; and yet we endeavoured to do so, assuming in our manner and tone something of the familiarity of a common pursuit. After much delay we came upon a gentleman sitting in a dark cupboard, who twisted round his stool to face us while he spoke to us. We believe that he was the editor of more than one "Penny Dreadful," and that as many as a dozen serial novels were being issued to the world at the same time under his supervision. "Oh!" said he, "so you're at that game, are you?" We assured him that we were at no game at all, but were simply influenced by a desire to assist a distressed scholar. "That be blowed," said our brother. "Mackenzie's doing as well here as he'll do anywhere. He's a drunken blackguard, when all's said and done. So you're going to buy him up, are you? You won't keep him long,—and then he'll have to starve." We assured the

gentleman that we had no desire to buy up Mr. Mackenzie; we explained our ideas as to the freedom of the literary profession, in accordance with which Mr. Mackenzie could not be wrong in applying to us for work; and we especially deprecated any severity on our brother's part towards the man, more especially begging that nothing might be decided, as we were far from thinking it certain that we could provide Mr. Mackenzie with any literary employment. "That's all right," said our brother, twisting back his stool. "He can't work for both of us; — that's all. He has his bread here regular, week after week; and I don't suppose you'll do as much as that for him." Then we went away, shaking the dust off our feet, and wondering much at the great development of literature which latter years have produced. We had not even known of the existence of these papers; — and yet there they were, going forth into the hands of hundreds of thousands of readers, all of whom were being, more or less, instructed in their modes of life and manner of thinking by the stories which were thus brought before them.

But there might be truth in what our brother had said to us. Should Mr. Mackenzie abandon his present engagement for the sake of the job which we proposed to put in his hands, might he not thereby injure rather than improve his prospects? We were acquainted with only one learned doctor desirous of having his manuscripts codified and indexed at his own expense. As for writing for the periodical with which we were connected, we knew enough of the business to be aware that Mr. Mackenzie's gifts of erudition would very probably not so much assist him in attempting such work as would his late training act against him. A man might be able to read and even talk a dozen languages, — "just as though he hadn't been born in England at all," — and yet not write the language with which we dealt after the fashion which suited our readers. It might be that he would fly much above our heads, and do work infinitely too big for us. We did not regard our own heads as being very high. But, for such altitude as they held, a certain class of writing was adapted. The gentleman whom we had just left would require, no doubt, altogether another style. It was probable that Mr. Mackenzie had already fitted himself to his present audience. And, even were it not so, we could not promise him forty-five shillings a week, or even that thirty shillings for which he asked. There is nothing more dangerous than the attempt to befriend a man in middle life

by transplanting him from one soil to another.

When Mr. Mackenzie came to us again, we endeavoured to explain all this to him. We had in the meantime seen our friend the Doctor, whose beneficence of spirit in regard to the unfortunate man of letters was extreme. He was charmed with our account of the man, and saw with his mind's eye the work, for the performance of which he was pining, perfected in a manner that would be a blessing to the scholars of all future ages. He was at first anxious to ask Julius Mackenzie down to his rectory, and even after we had explained to him that this would not at present be expedient, was full of a dream of future friendship with a man who would be able to discuss the digamma with him, who would have studied Greek metres, and have an opinion of his own as to Porson's canon. We were in possession of the manuscript, and had our friend's authority for handing it over to Mr. Mackenzie.

He came to us according to appointment, and his nose seemed to be redder than ever. We thought that we discovered a discouraging flavour of spirits in his breath. Mrs. Grimes had declared that he drank, — only in reason; but the ideas of the wife of a publican, — even though that wife were Mrs. Grimes, — might be very different from our own as to what was reasonable in that matter. And as we looked at him he seemed more rough, more ragged, almost more wretched than before. It might be that, in taking his part with my brother of the "Penny Dreadful," with the Doctor, and even with myself in thinking over his claims, I endowed him with higher qualities than I had been justified in giving to him. As I considered him and his appearance I certainly could not assure myself that he looked like a man worthy to be trusted. A policeman, seeing him at a street corner, would have had an eye upon him in a moment. He rubbed himself together within his old coat, as men do when they come out of gin-shops. His eye was bright as before, but we thought that his mouth was meaner, and his nose redder. We were almost disenchanted with him. We said nothing to him at first about the Spotted Dog, but suggested to him our fears that if he undertook work at our hands he would lose the much more permanent employment which he got from the gentleman whom we had seen in the cupboard. We then explained to him that we could promise to him no continuation of employment.

The violence with which he cursed the gentleman who had sat in the cupboard

appalled us, and had, we think, some effect in bringing back to us that feeling of respect for him which we had almost lost. It may be difficult to explain why we respected him because he cursed and swore horribly. We do not like cursing and swearing, and were any of our younger contributors to indulge themselves after that fashion in our presence we should, at the very least, — frown upon them. We did not frown upon Julius Mackenzie, but stood up, gazing into his face above us, again feeling that the man was powerful. Perhaps we respected him because he was not in the least afraid of us. He went on to assert that he cared not, — not a straw, we will say, — for the gentleman in the cupboard. He knew the gentleman in the cupboard very well; and the gentleman in the cupboard knew him. As long as he took his work to the gentleman in the cupboard, the gentleman in the cupboard would be only too happy to purchase that work at the rate of sixpence for a page of manuscript containing two hundred and fifty words. That was his rate of payment for prose fiction, and at that rate he could earn forty-five shillings a week. He wasn't afraid of the gentleman in the cupboard. He had had some words with the gentleman in the cupboard before now, and they two understood each other very well. He hinted, moreover, that there were other gentlemen in other cupboards; but with none of them could he advance beyond forty-five shillings a week. For this he had to sit, with his pen in his hand, seven hours seven days a week, and the very paper, pens, and ink came to fifteenpence out of the money. He had struck for wages once, and for a halcyon month or two had carried his point of sevenpence halfpenny a page; but the gentlemen in the cupboards had told him that it could not be. They, too, must live. His matter was no doubt attractive; but any price above sixpence a page unfitted it for their market. All this Mr. Julius Mackenzie explained to us with much violence of expression. When I named Mrs. Grimes to him the tone of his voice was altered. "Yes," said he, — "I thought they'd say a word for me. They're the best friends I've got now. I don't know that you ought quite to believe her, for I think she'd perhaps tell a lie to do me a service." We assured him that we did believe every word Mrs. Grimes had said to us.

After much pausing over the matter we told him that we were empowered to trust him with our friend's work, and the manuscript was produced upon the table. If he would undertake the work and perform it,

he should be paid £8: 6s.: 8d. for each of the three volumes as they were completed. And we undertook, moreover, on our own responsibility, to advance him money in small amounts through the hands of Mrs. Grimes, if he really settled himself to the task. At first he was in ecstasies, and, as we explained to him the way in which the index should be brought out and the codification performed, he turned over the pages rapidly, and showed us that he understood at any rate the nature of the work to be done. But when we came to details he was less happy. In what workshop was this new work to be performed? There was a moment in which we almost thought of telling him to do the work in our own room; but we hesitated, luckily, remembering that his continual presence with us for two or three months would probably destroy us altogether. It appeared that his present work was done sometimes at the Spotted Dog, and sometimes at home in his lodgings. He said not a word to us about his wife, but we could understand that there would be periods in which to work at home would be impossible to him. He did not pretend to deny that there might be danger on that score, nor did he ask permission to take the entire manuscript at once away to his abode. We knew that if he took part he must take the whole, as the work could not be done in parts. Counter references would be needed. "My circumstances are bad; — very bad indeed," he said. We expressed the great trouble to which we should be subjected if any evil should happen to the manuscript. "I will give it up," he said, towering over us again, and shaking his head. "I cannot expect that I should be trusted." But we were determined that it should not be given up. Sooner than give the matter up we would make some arrangement by hiring a place in which he might work. Even though we were to pay ten shillings a week for a room for him out of the money, the bargain would be a good one for him. At last we determined that we would pay a second visit to the Spotted Dog, and consult Mrs. Grimes. We felt that we should have a pleasure in arranging together with Mrs. Grimes any scheme of benevolence on behalf of this unfortunate and remarkable man. So we told him that we would think over the matter, and send a letter to his address at the Spotted Dog, which he should receive on the following morning. He then gathered himself up, rubbed himself together again inside his coat, and took his departure.

As soon as he was gone we sat looking at the learned Doctor's manuscript, and think-

ing of what we had done. There lay the work of years, by which our dear and venerable old friend expected that he would take rank among the great commentators of modern times. We, in truth, did not anticipate for him all the glory to which he looked forward. We feared that there might be disappointment. Hot discussion on verbal accuracies or on rules of metre are perhaps not so much in vogue now as they were a hundred years ago. There might be disappointment and great sorrow; but we could not with equanimity anticipate the prevention of this sorrow by the possible loss or destruction of the manuscript which had been entrusted to us. The Doctor himself had seemed to anticipate no such danger. When we told him of Mackenzie's learning and misfortunes, he was eager at once that the thing should be done, merely stipulating that he should have an interview with Mr. Mackenzie before he returned to his rectory.

That same day we went to the Spotted Dog, and found Mrs. Grimes alone. Mackenzie had been there immediately after leaving our room, and had told her what had taken place. She was full of the subject and anxious to give every possible assistance. She confessed at once that the papers would not be safe in the rooms inhabited by Mackenzie and his wife. "He pays five shillings a week," she said, "for a wretched place round in Cucumber Court. They are all huddled together, any way; and how he manages to do a thing at all there, — in the way of author-work, — is a wonder to everybody. Sometimes he can't, and then he'll sit for hours together at the little table in our tap-room." We went into the tap-room and saw the little table. It was a wonder indeed that any one should be able to compose and write tales of imagination in a place so dreary, dark, and ill-omened. The little table was hardly more than a long slab or plank, perhaps eighteen inches wide. When we visited the place there were two brewer's draymen seated there, and three draggled, wretched-looking women. The carters were eating enormous hunches of bread and bacon, which they cut and put into their mouths slowly, solemnly, and in silence. The three women were seated on a bench, and when I saw them had no signs of festivity before them. It must be presumed that they had paid for something, or they would hardly have been allowed to sit there. "It is empty now," said Mrs. Grimes, taking no immediate notice of the men or of the women; "but sometimes he'll sit writing in that corner, when there's such a jabber of voices as you

wouldn't hear a cannon go off over at Reid's, and that thick with smoke you'd a'most cut it with a knife. Don't he, Peter?" The man whom she addressed endeavoured to prepare himself for answer by swallowing at the moment three square inches of bread and bacon, which he had just put into his mouth. He made an awful effort, but failed; and, failing, nodded his head three times. The "moles" had then returned within his jaws and was masticated with slow and satisfactory precision. "They all know him here, sir," continued Mrs. Grimes. "He'll go on writing, writing, writing, for hours together; and nobody'll say nothing to him. Will they, Peter?" Peter, who was now half way through the work he had laid out for himself, muttered some inarticulate grunt of assent.

We then went back to the snug little room inside the bar. It was quite clear to me that the man could not manipulate the Doctor's manuscript, of which he would have to spread a dozen sheets before him at the same time, in the place I had just visited. Even could he have occupied the chamber alone, the accommodation would not have been sufficient for the purpose. It was equally clear that he could not be allowed to use Mrs. Grimes' snugery. "How are we to get a place for him?" said I, appealing to the lady. "He shall have a place," she said, "I'll go bail; he shan't lose the job for want of a workshop." Then she sat down and began to think it over. I was just about to propose the hiring of some decent room in the neighbourhood, when she made a suggestion, which I acknowledge startled me. "I'll have a big table put into my own bed-room," said she, "and he shall do it there. There ain't another hole or corner about the place as'd suit; and he can lay the gentleman's papers all out on the bed, square and clean and orderly. Can't he now? And I can see after 'em, as he don't lose 'em. Can't I now?"

By this time there had sprung up an intimacy between ourselves and Mrs. Grimes which seemed to justify an expression of the doubt which I then threw on the propriety of such a disarrangement of her most private domestic affairs. "Mr. Grimes will hardly approve of that," we said.

"Oh, John won't mind. What'll it matter to John as long as Mackenzie is out in time for him to go to bed? We ain't early birds, morning or night, — that's true. In our line folks can't be early. But from ten to six there's the room, and he shall have it. Come up and see, sir." So we followed Mrs. Grimes up the narrow staircase to the marital bower. "It ain't large, but there'll

be room for the table, and for him to sit at it; — won't there now?"

It was a dark little room, with one small window looking out under the low roof, and facing the heavy high dead wall of the brewery opposite. But it was clean and sweet, and the furniture in it was all solid and good, old-fashioned, and made of mahogany. Two or three of Mrs. Grimes' gowns were laid upon the bed, and other portions of her dress were hung on pegs behind the doors. The only untidy article in the room was a pair of "John's" trousers, which he had failed to put out of sight. She was not a whit abashed, but took them up and folded them, and patted them, and laid them in the capacious wardrobe. "We'll have all these things away," she said, "and then he can have all his papers out upon the bed just as he pleases."

We own that there was something in the proposed arrangement which dismayed us. We also were married, and what would our wife have said had we proposed that a contributor, — even a contributor not red-nosed and seething with gin, — that any best disciplined contributor should be invited to write an article within the precincts of our sanctum! We could not bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Grimes would authorize the proposition. There is something holy about the bed-room of a married couple; and there would be a special desecration in the continued presence of Mr. Julius Mackenzie. We thought it better that we should explain something of all this to her. "Do you know," we said, "this seems to be hardly prudent?"

"Why not prudent?" she asked.

"Up in your bed-room, you know! Mr. Grimes will be sure to dislike it."

"What, — John! Not he. I know what you're a-thinking of, Mr. —," she said.

"But we're different in our ways than what you are. Things to us are only just what they are. We haven't time, nor yet money, nor perhaps education, for seemings and thinkings as you have. If you was travelling among the wild Injeans, you'd ask any one to eat a bit in your bed-room as soon as look at 'em, if you'd got a bit for 'em to eat. We're travelling among wild Injeans all our lives, and a bed-room ain't no more to us than any other room. Mackenzie shall come up here, and I'll have the table fixed for him, just there by the window." I hadn't another word to say to her, and I could not keep myself from thinking for many an hour afterwards, whether it may not be a good thing for men, and for women also, to believe that they are always travelling among wild Indians.

When we went down Mr. Grimes himself was in the little parlour. He did not seem at all surprised at seeing his wife enter the room from above accompanied by a stranger. She at once began her story, and told the arrangement which she proposed, — which she did, as I observed, without any actual request for his sanction. Looking at Mr. Grimes's face, I thought that he did not quite like it; but he accepted it, almost without a word, scratching his head and raising his eyebrows. "You know, John, he could no more do it at home than he could fly," said Mrs. Grimes.

"Who said he could do it at home?"

"And he couldn't do it in the tap-room; — could he? If so, there ain't no other place, and so that's settled." John Grimes again scratched his head, and the matter was settled. Before we left the house Mackenzie himself came in, and was told in our presence of the accommodation which was to be prepared for him. "It's just like you, Mrs. Grimes," was all he said in the way of thanks. Then Mrs. Grimes made her bargain with him somewhat sternly. He should have the room for five hours a day — ten till three, or twelve till five; but he must settle which, and then stick to his hours. "And I won't have nothing up there in the way of drink," said John Grimes.

"Who's asking to have drink there?" said Mackenzie.

"You're not asking now, but maybe you will. I won't have it, that's all."

"That shall be all right, John," said Mrs. Grimes, nodding her head.

"Women are that soft, — in the way of judgment, — that they'll go and do a'most anything, good or bad, when they've got their feelings up." Such was the only rebuke which in our hearing Mr. Grimes administered to his pretty wife. Mackenzie whispered something to the publican, but Grimes only shook his head. We understood it all thoroughly. He did not like the scheme, but he would not contradict his wife in an act of real kindness. We then made an appointment with the scholar for meeting our friend and his future patron at our rooms, and took our leave of the Spotted Dog. Before we went, however, Mrs. Grimes insisted on producing some cherry-bounce, as she called it, which, after sundry refusals on our part, was brought in on a small round shining tray, in a little bottle covered all over with gold sprigs, with four tiny glasses similarly ornamented. Mrs. Grimes poured out the liquor, using a very sparing hand when she came to the glass which was intended for herself. We find it, as a

rule, easier to talk with the Grimeses of the world than to eat with them or to drink with them. When the glass was handed to us we did not know whether or no we were expected to say something. We waited, however, till Mr. Grimes and Mackenzie had been provided with their glasses. "Proud to see you at the Spotted Dog, Mr. —," said Grimes. "That we are," said Mrs. Grimes, smiling at us over her almost imperceptible drop of drink. Julius Mackenzie just bobbed his head, and swallowed the cordial at a gulp,—as a dog does a lump of meat; leaving the impression on his friends around him that he has not got from it half the enjoyment which it might have given him had he been a little more patient in the process. I could not but think that had Mackenzie allowed the cherry-bounce to trickle a little in his palate, as I did myself, it would have gratified him more than it did in being chucked down his throat with all the impetus which his elbow could give to the glass. "That's tidy tippie," said Mr. Grimes, winking his eye. We acknowledged that it was tidy. "My mother made it, as used to keep the Pig and Magpie, at Colchester," said Mrs. Grimes. In this way we learned a good deal of Mrs. Grimes' history. Her very earliest years had been passed among wild Indians.

Then came the interview between the Doctor and Mr. Mackenzie. We must confess that we greatly feared the impression which our younger friend might make on the elder. We had of course told the Doctor of the red nose, and he had accepted the information with a smile. But he was a man who would feel the contamination of contact with a drunkard, and who would shrink from an unpleasant association. There are vices of which we habitually take altogether different views in accordance with the manner in which they are brought under our notice. This vice of drunkenness is often a joke in the mouths of those to whom the thing itself is a horror. Even before our boys we talk of it as being rather funny, though to see one of them funny himself would almost break our hearts. The learned commentator had accepted our account of the red nose as though it were simply a part of the undeserved misery of the wretched man; but should he find the wretched man to be actually redolent of gin his feelings might be changed. The Doctor was with us first, and the volumes of the MS. were displayed upon the table. The compiler of them, as he lifted here a page and there a page, handled them with the gentleness of a lover. They had been exquisitely arranged, and were very fair.

The pagings, and the margins, and the chapterings, and all the complementary paraphernalia of authorship, were perfect. "A life-time, my friend; just a life-time!" the Doctor had said to us, speaking of his own work while we were waiting for the man to whose hands was to be entrusted the result of so much labour and scholarship. We wished at that moment that we had never been called on to interfere in the matter.

Mackenzie came, and the introduction was made. The Doctor was a gentleman of the old school, very neat in his attire,—dressed in perfect black, with knee-breeches and black gaiters, with a closely shorn chin, and an exquisitely white cravat. Though he was in truth simply the rector of his parish, his parish was one which entitled him to call himself a dean, and he wore a clerical rosette on his hat. He was a well-made, tall, portly gentleman, with whom to take the slightest liberty would have been impossible. His well-formed full face was singularly expressive of benevolence, but there was in it too an air of command which created an involuntary respect. He was a man whose means were ample, and who could afford to keep two curates, so that the appanages of a Church dignitary did in some sort belong to him. We doubt whether he really understood what work meant,—even when he spoke with so much pathos of the labour of his life: but he was a man not at all exacting in regard to the work of others, and who was anxious to make the world as smooth and rosy to those around him as it had been to himself. He came forward, paused a moment, and then shook hands with Mackenzie. Our work had been done, and we remained in the back-ground during the interview. It was now for the Doctor to satisfy himself with the scholarship,—and, if he chose to take cognizance of the matter, with the morals of his proposed assistant.

Mackenzie himself was more subdued in his manner than he had been when talking with ourselves. The Doctor made a little speech, standing at the table with one hand on one volume and the other on another. He told of all his work, with a mixture of modesty as to the thing done, and self-assertion as to his interest in doing it, which was charming. He acknowledged that the sum proposed for the aid which he required was inconsiderable;—but it had been fixed by the proposed publisher. Should Mr. Mackenzie find that the labour was long he would willingly increase it. Then he commenced a conversation respecting the Greek dramatists, which had none of the air of

tone of an examination, but which still served the purpose of enabling Mackenzie to show his scholarship. In that respect there was no doubt that the ragged, red-nosed, disreputable man, who stood there longing for his job, was the greater proficient of the two. We never discovered that he had had access to books in later years; but his memory of the old things seemed to be perfect. When it was suggested that references would be required, it seemed that he did know his way into the library of the British Museum. "When I wasn't quite so shabby," he said boldly, "I used to be there." The Doctor instantly produced a ten-pound note, and insisted that it should be taken in advance. Mackenzie hesitated, and we suggested that it was premature; but the Doctor was firm. "If an old scholar mayn't assist one younger than himself," he said, "I don't know when one man may aid another. And this is no alms. It is simply a pledge for work to be done." Mackenzie took the money, muttering something of an assurance that as far as his ability went, the work should be done well. "It should certainly," he said, "be done diligently."

When money had passed, of course the thing was settled; but in truth the bank-note had been given, not from judgment in settling the matter, but from the generous impulse of the moment. There was, however, no receding. The Doctor expressed by no hint a doubt as to the safety of his manuscript. He was by far too fine a gentleman to give the man whom he employed pain in that direction. If there were risk, he would now run the risk. And so the thing was settled.

We did not, however, give the manuscript on that occasion into Mackenzie's hands, but took it down afterwards, locked in an old despatch-box of our own, to the Spotted Dog, and left the box with the key of it in the hands of Mrs. Grimes. Again we went up into that lady's bed-room, and saw that the big table had been placed by the window for Mackenzie's accommodation. It so nearly filled the room, that, as we observed, John Grimes could not get round at all to his side of the bed. It was arranged that Mackenzie was to begin on the morrow.

It is now definitely announced by the German papers that "Janus" is not the work of Dr. Doellinger, but of Prof. Huber, who has been long known in Munich as a strong opponent of Papal claims.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CHATTERTON.*

IN the middle of last century, in the year 1752, there was born, in the old town of Bristol, a child, perhaps the most remarkable of his entire generation, called Thomas Chatterton. He was a posthumous child, brought into the world with all that natural sadness which attends the birth of an infant deprived, from the very beginning of its days, of one-half of the succour, love and protection to which every child has a right. The father might not be much to brag of — might not have done much for his boy; but still there is nothing so forlorn as such an entrance into the world. And it was a hard world into which the boy came, full of the bitter conditions of poverty, with little to soften his lot. His mother was poor, and had to work hard for her living and his. She had no time to spare for him, to understand what kind of a soul it was which she had brought into the world. If nature even had given her capacity to understand it, the chatter of her little pupils, the weary toil of her needlework, absorbed the homely woman. The family to which she belonged was of the lowest class, and yet possessed a certain quaint antiquity and flavour of ancient birth. As ancient as many a great family of squires or nobles were the Chattertons. The only difference to speak of between them and the Howards was, that while the representative of the one held the hereditary office of Earl Marshal of England, the other held only that of gravedigger of St. Mary Redcliffe — but with a hereditary succession as rigid and unbroken. For a hundred and twenty years which could be clearly reckoned, and no one could tell how many more which had escaped in the darkness of time, Thomas had succeeded William, and William Thomas, in that lugubrious office. The pedigree, such as it was, was complete. They had buried all Bristol, generation after generation. The race, however, was perhaps beginning to break up in preparation for that final bloom which was to give it a name among men, for Chatterton's father had not held the hereditary place. It had passed in the female line to a brother-in-law, and he had made a little rise in the social scale, first as usher, and then as master of a free school close to the hereditary church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Such a position implies some education, though probably it was neither profound nor extensive. He held the office of sub-chanter in the

* Chatterton: a Biographical Study. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. Macmillan, London. 1870.

cathedral at the same time; and was a member, it would appear, of the jovial society of tradesmen, deriving a certain taste for music from the choral services of the cathedral, which probably many of them had taken part in, in their boyhood as choristers, which assembled in those days in certain well-known taverns. The most noticeable fact in his life, however, so far as his son is concerned, is his share in a kind of general robbery perpetrated by the community upon the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe, where a number of old papers had been preserved for centuries in certain ancient oak chests. These chests were broken open in order to find some deeds wanted by the vestry, and were left, with all their antique contents, at the mercy of the gravedigger's family, or any other that could gain access to them. The parchments were carried off in boxfuls, to answer all kinds of sordid uses. It was the usage of the eighteenth century. No doubt if any accident had befallen St. Mary's itself, the citizens would have carted off the stones to repair their garden-walls with. Chatterton the schoolmaster carried off the old parchments, covered copy-books with them, and kept the records of medieval life like waste paper about his house, ready to serve any small emergency. It was no such dreadful sin after all, to have been followed by so strange and solemn a punishment. Was it that the ghosts of citizens whom Thomas Chatterton had buried, came clustering up, a crowd of angry spirits, to avenge the liberty thus taken with the yellow forgotten records of their wishes and hopes? The schoolmaster, thinking little of the ghosts or their vengeance, left his house full of those stolen documents, and thus left behind him, without knowing it, the fate of his unborn boy.

The widow was young — not more than one-and-twenty — when this child of tears was born. She was left, as is all but inevitable in such circumstances, penniless, to struggle for herself as best she could. When such a necessity happens to a poor lady, our hearts bleed over the helpless creature; but it is common, too common, to demand any particular comment among the poor. Mrs. Chatterton took up a little school, and took in needlework. She had a little daughter older than her boy; she had women-friends about her working with her, helping her to keep her head above water, and probably, after all, was not so very much to be pitied for the loss of her jovial husband, who, according to the record, kept his good-humour for his cronies out of doors. But her boy was a wonder and a trouble to

the poor young woman. Probably it was her hope and longing from his birth that he should be educated as became the son of a scholar; and it broke her heart to find that "he was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old." These were the days of infant prodigies — for this stupidity on the part of the little Chatterton does not strike us with the same dismay as it struck his mother. There were, however, other puzzling peculiarities about the child. "Until he was six years and a half old, they thought he was an absolute fool," says his mother's most intimate friend who lived in the house. He was sent back upon her hands by his father's successor in the free school, somewhere about that early age, as an incorrigible dunce. Poor little bothered melancholy boy! he would sit alone crying for hours, nobody knew why — and the sense of disappointment so natural to a female household finding out to its dismay that the little male creature belonging to it was not (as it hoped) a creature of overwhelming ability, does not seem to have been concealed from the child. "When will this stupidity cease?" his mother cried when "he was in one of his silent moods." She had little pupils of her own, brisk little girls, learning their lessons, no doubt, with all the vivacity of town children kept alert by the tide of ordinary life going on around them; and the contrast must have been very galling to the young mother. At seven years old, we are told, "he would frequently sit musing in a seeming stupor; at length the tears would steal one by one down his cheeks — for which his mother, thinking to rouse him, sometimes gave him a gentle slap, and told him he was foolish." No doubt it must have been very trying to the poor soul: her only boy, the son of a great scholar, and nothing more than this coming of him! One can forgive Mrs. Chatterton for giving that gentle slap to the weeping child over the fire. It is hard upon a widow to be driven to confess to herself that there is nothing more than ordinary — nay, perhaps something less than ordinary — about her fatherless boy.

This dullness, however, lasted but a short time. With a certain curious, wasteful Vandalism which seems to have been peculiar to the age in small things as well as great, Mrs. Chatterton, who made thread-papers of the old parchments out of St. Mary's, tore up for waste paper an old music-book of her husband's. The moody child, sitting by, was suddenly attracted by the capital letters, which were illuminated, the story goes; so that it must have been a valuable book which his mother was thus de-

stroying. This was the first step in his education. He learned to read thereafter from a black-letter Bible, and never could bear to read in a small book. In this quaint way the first difficulties were got over. One would think that to acquire modern English afterwards would have been almost as difficult as learning a new language; and the reader is tempted to wonder how any one in that homely, ignorant sempstress-household should have been sufficiently at home in the black-letter to make a primer of it. Such, however, are the recorded facts. And what with the illuminated capitals and the black-letter book, the little fellow left off mooning, and woke up into the light of common day. "At seven he visibly improved, to her joy and surprise; and at eight years of age was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him."

So early, it would appear, as this age, the child had appropriated to himself a lumber room in which, among other rubbish, were the boxes into which his father's spoils of old parchment had been turned; and here he was accustomed to shut himself up with such treasures as pleased him most. He had a turn for drawing, not unusual in children; and, instead of more ordinary playthings, he had collected "a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal-dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stoves with, making him very angry." With these materials, and the unceasing supply of parchments to daub them on, what delicious begrimings the little artist must have made! Here, for the first time, the child becomes intelligible—perhaps an infant poet already, as some assert; but, what is better, an eager little boy, blacked all over with his hideous pigments, and making, no doubt, horrible pictures upon his parchments and his walls and his floor. They could not get him out of the room in which abode all this precious dirt. Sometimes the key was carried off, out of anxiety for his health, and his clothes, and his little grimy face; but then the little man fell to kissing and coaxing till he got it back again. So long as he remained in Bristol this garret was the refuge and comfort of his life.

When Chatterton was nearly eight years old he became a scholar of the Bluecoat School of Bristol, an institution called Colston's Hospital, founded by a merchant of Queen Anne's time, and therefore still in its youth. The dress, but unfortunately nothing else, was copied from that of Christ's Hos-

pital. Bristol had already a grammar-school, and the supplementary institution was for poor children, and not by any means intended as a ladder to help them to ascend. They had the blue gown and yellow stockings, and funny little round cap, called, apparently, a tonsure, in the Bristol school; but they had not the liberal education which has made the London Bluecoat School so famous. The children were to be "instructed in the principles of the Christian religion as they are laid down in the Church Catechism," and not demoralized by Latin and Greek. Twice a-week this grand epitome of doctrine was to be expounded and brought down "to the meanest capacity" according to the rules of the Hospital: poor fare enough for the little genius whom poverty shut out from any better training. The child, we are told, was elated at his election, "thinking," says his foster-mother, "he should there get all the learning he wanted; but soon he seemed much hurt, as he said he could not learn so much there as at home." Thus curiously came the first check upon his precocious hopes. No doubt the vague fame of his father's learning had been long held up before the boy, and it is equally certain that many of the old documents with which he had surrounded himself must have been in Latin, puzzling and tantalizing him in his childish eagerness. Perhaps, with a child's confidence in his own powers, he had felt equal to the task of puzzling out the dead old solemn language by himself amid his ochre and his charcoal in the lumber-attic; and to come to nothing but the Catechism was hard. To be sure a certain amount of reading and writing must have accompanied the theology, and the life does not seem to have been a particularly hard one. Every Saturday he had holiday, and came home rejoicing at noon to rush up to his attic and lose himself in his old dreams. When he came down to tea he was all over stains of black and yellow. There, at least, he must have been happy enough—though it was hard to get him to meals; and even tea-time, fond as he was of tea, was not so attractive as his parchments and his ochre. Yet the boy apparently was at this time, to all spectators, an ordinary enough boy, with nothing moody or abstracted about him. He is described as a round-faced, rosy child, with bright grey eyes, light hair, and dimples in his cheeks; very frank and friendly, making acquaintances with a natural ease scarcely to be expected from his other peculiarities, very affectionate at home, though impatient by moments, a characteristic not unusual in a schoolboy; and

with every appearance of entering quite cheerfully, without any clouds brooding about him, upon the course of a commonplace life.

There is, however, one wonderful influence to be taken account of in his education, which had little to do with the training of his contemporaries. Mrs. Chatterton's little house was opposite to the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and from his earliest infancy her boy had been accustomed to totter about that wonderful place. His uncle was sexton, and no doubt the natural pride of descent, pride common to all classes, had early made him aware that his ancestors for centuries had been its servants. It opened its great aisles to him full of whispering stillness, full of weird effects of light, with all those stately combinations of exquisite form and colour which the age was too prosaic to appreciate, but which went into the very depths of the young musers' heart. He was born with a thirst upon him for everything that was noble and stately and splendid; and here was his palace, where nothing narrow confined his imagination, and nothing mean distressed his fine sense of beauty. What a wonderful refuge — what a home for the dreamy, childish imagination which had no words to explain itself, and nobody to understand, could it speak! "This wonder of mansions," he called it in later days, when he got utterance; and the very title is significant, for it was the boy's mansion — his house in which he lived and mused. There a silent population — not mean and imperfect beings like the homely folks that walked and talked out of doors, but stately splendid images saying nothing, leaving all to an imagination rich enough to make up every deficiency — was around him; mailed knights, and ladies in veil and wimple — faithful mates lying solemn side by side through all the silent ages, names once so full of meaning, now significant only to the little watcher with big eyes full of thought that brooded over them. He is supposed to have made a little picture of this house of his dreams, representing himself in his blue-coat dress, led by his mother, in the midst of that familiar scene. Even earlier than the blue-coat era, the little fellow, when missed from home, would be found seated by the tomb of William Canynge in the great silence. And here, there can be little doubt, arose the first beginnings of that visionary friendship which was the soul of all his after-life, his favourite illusion, and, as severe critics have thought, his crime. We have but to turn to our own nurseries, if indeed the remembrances of childhood are too far past to be

recalled with a still more personal force, for an explanation of that first germ of Rowley which, one cannot tell when or how, dawned upon the mind of Chatterton in his childhood. Such dreams can scarcely be called rare among children. The present writer has by his side at this present moment a healthy, sturdy little boy, not overcharged with imagination, who lived for several of the first years of his life in constant communication with an imaginary friend, a very splendid, princely individual, whose sympathy consoled him in many a baby trouble. This child was free to talk of his beloved companion, who gradually disappeared behind the growing realities of existence, and now is as a dream to its creator. But it is easy to realize how such a lonely little dreamer as the boy Chatterton would cling to and expand into ever fuller and fuller being the image which he loved. While he sat by Canynge's tomb, in the speechless desolation of childhood, all alone, knowing that there was nobody in all the world with sufficient leisure to consider his wants and console his despondencies — nobody that could divine what he meant, or shed the warmth of sympathy about his little life, — what wonder if the kind shadow which had full leisure for him and all his affairs — time to weave histories for him, to beguile him out of the present, to fill his ears with melodies which seem to come across the ages — should grow and grow as the boy grew, strengthening with his strength? All these long imaginary conversations which we suppose every intelligent child holds with a little crowd of interlocutors, a mere expenditure of superabundant fancy, must have been concentrated by little Chatterton into the one person of the kind priest, who was the companion of his soul, an ideal father to him, a teacher such as he could never have in the flesh. How the forlorn little fellow must have brightened unawares as he felt the soft steps of his visionary friend coming down the long stately aisle from the veiled altar! Had he just been saying a mass for William Canynge's Christian soul! Did he come with the serious calm upon him of those uncomprehended mysteries? When Priest Rowley appeared out of the religious light, the little dreamer was no longer alone. To any ordinary child, Rowley, in all likelihood, would have had existence only as the consoler, the depository of childish grievances, the sympathetic listener to all trouble. But to Chatterton he was more. The boy did not know in these early days that he was himself a poet; but he felt by instinct that the friend was who bent over him in visionary

intimacy and consolation. When he was called back unwillingly to his little mean home, to the meals which he was not hungry enough to care for, to the monotonous hum of the lessons and litter of the dressmaking, and to the mother and sister, who were all too busy to do more than scold him for his absences, sometimes good-humouredly, sometimes sharply, but never with any sense of the unseen world, which was reality to him — what wonder if the boy was like a being dropped from another sphere? The women at their work were not to blame. How were they to divine, as they sat and cut out their old-fashioned sleeves and bodices from patterns made out of the parchments of the muniment-room, that these were Rowley's parchments, written all over with a poetry yet illegible, but destined to grow clear in time? They would give him "a gentle slap" to rouse him, as they passed; they would be driven to momentary impatience by his meaningless silent tears. What did it all mean? when would this stupidity cease? But perhaps there was a wedding order on hand — perhaps the doleful black, which it was still more needful to get finished. They had to sit up into the night working for him, to mind their business, to thread those weary needles, and stitch those long, long lines of endless trains, or get through miles of frilling before night. It was no fault of theirs, poor souls! They gave him all they had to give, and did not even refuse the indulgence of that attic solitude, where Priest Rowley lived as much as he lived in the church, and where such tales of wonder waited the tingling ears of the little lonely boy.

It is hard to realize the possibility of a very severe intellectual disappointment at eight or even nine years old; but yet the difference between the practical and the ideal, between the enthusiasm of learning into which he was prepared to plunge and the routine of the merest school-boy life, seems to have restored something of the despondency of his early childhood to this strange little scholar. His mother and her friends began to grow anxious about him again when he shut himself up in his attic through the long holiday summer afternoons when every other Blue-coat boy was enjoying the air and sunshine. They made him angry by attempts to invade his solitude. "I wish you would bide out of the room — it is my room," he cried, in boyish rage, thrusting his parchments out of sight. The women even alarmed themselves with the curious fancy that his ochre and charcoal were intended to stain his own face in order

that he might join the gipsies — the strangest notion, considering the habits of the studious boy; but "when he began to write poetry he became more cheerful," his sister testifies. All through that childhood which represents youth in his short life he had been struggling with the silence round him, a little soul in prison known to no one but his Rowley; but when the gift of utterance came his chains began to break. When he was only ten he seems to have been confirmed, a curious instance of seeming maturity; and following on that event which appears to have roused in him all the half-real half-fictional solemnity so often seen in children, he wrote his first poem, or at least the poem first published — a little "copy of verses" upon the Last Day, which is only remarkable as the beginning of his poetical efforts. It was published in "Felix Farley's Journal," a local paper, which afterwards received many of his productions. From that moment his restless pen was never still. A few months later he discovered with all the glee of a schoolboy that he could make it a weapon of offence, and immediately rushed at his foes, or at the innocent persons whom he chose to set up as adversaries. The temptation of irreverent youth to assail local dignities of all kinds, and to reap the quickly-got satisfaction of parochial stir and commotion, is always very potent; and a poet of eleven would have been a stoic indeed had he been able to withstand it. He fell upon "Churchwarden Joe," who had pulled down a beautiful cross in the churchyard of St. Mary, and upon Apostate Will, a less distinguishable butt, with wild delight. These early satires reveal to us all at once a whole little local world beyond Mrs. Chatterton's house and the lumber-room on the one hand, and the grand aisles of St. Mary's on the other. There are the bustling parish authorities, scorned yet feared, and all the babbling bee-hive of a school, and the masters, some despised and some beloved. And there is the half-seen audience of the parish behind reading the paper and chuckling over the allusions which everybody can understand; the whole stirred up and set in motion by the boy in his yellow stockings, about whom already there are strange rumours afloat, and who hugs himself in his secret, and feels, no doubt, a certain judiciary power of life and death, now the paper is open to him, and all Bristol lying helpless ready to become his victims. It says a great deal for Chatterton's better nature that a temptation so overwhelming at his age, and so potent on the untrained intelligence at all times, should have at least temporarily

passed away from him. It was his priest who drew him into the gentler, more harmonious, regions of the past.

He was only twelve, say various witnesses, when he took to an usher called Phillips, his favourite master, a curious manuscript poem, which he had found, he said, among the parchments taken by his father from St. Mary's. Phillips was a kind master, sympathetic and beloved; and he is said to have had some poetical knowledge and faculty; but he was not learned in ancient MSS. He gazed at this curious production with mingled consternation and curiosity. A schoolfellow who was present, and who afterwards attained some small local eminence as a poet, describes the event with something of the contempt of a man who knew himself to be quite as good as Chatterton. "For my own part," he says, "having little or no taste for such studies, I repined not at the disappointment. Phillips, on the contrary, was to all appearance mortified—indeed much more so than at that time I thought the object deserved—expressing his sorrow at his want of success, and repeatedly declaring his intention of resuming the attempt at a future period." The MS. this informant asserts to have been the ballad of "Elinoure and Juga," certainly a very extraordinary production for a poet of twelve, and which was not published till five years later. It is one of the so-called Rowley poems, and if not the first written, was at least the first submitted to any eye but his own.

Probably up to this time no definite idea of the dangerous course upon which he was entering had come into the schoolboy's eager mind. We cannot imagine for an instant that any deliberate deceit was intended. It was one of the innocent mystifications, strange purposeless webs, half of pure imagination, half of mischievous intent to bewilder, which are so common among children. By this time his visionary companion had developed into clearer and clearer proportions. Nothing in life had come to him with sufficient force or vividness to withdraw him from the society of his gentle, unrepining, always sympathetic, spiritual associate. When even the mother was unkind, and the good schoolmaster hard upon him, Rowley's countenance was never averted. From the first germ of the benign shadow in the great silent church whole histories had grown. The boy's imagination had worked out every accessory of the picture. The principal figure was Thomas Rowley, a parish priest, not a friar—the name probably seized upon at hazard from some chance

roll of ancient names—the story made out bit by bit,—a friend of noble Master Canynge's, he of the great tomb—nay, more than a friend—a brother dearly beloved. And then Canynge, too, found his place on the canvas. In short, it was no canvas, but a magic mirror, into which those mystic figures floated, now one by one, now in a stately crowd. Naturally the priest became a man of letters, because in the mind of the dreaming boy there was nothing so high or honourable; and Canynge grew by his side into the enlightened patron, the head of the gentle company. What things they did, what witty conversations they held, what stately masques and splendid revels were heard before them! Chatterton was one of them as he mused. He saw the correspondence of his visionary friend with the abbots, and canons, and even bishops, who loved song like himself, and were ready now and then to throw in a supplementary lay. He assisted at the performance of "The Tragical Enterlude," and many another private drama represented before the refined society of Rudde House, William Canynge's dwelling. Not only names came easy to his fancy, but he was ready to invent a whole lineage, build a special convent, construct a new world, if needful, to justify the existence of the various personages who were grouped round Rowley. His whole mind and leisure must have been occupied by this wonderful dream. It saved him from all boyish and poetic yearnings after some one to love, respect, and honour in the outside world. He had Rowley for all these higher uses of the soul, and he was free, accordingly, to treat with a frank contempt the actual visible, but not half so real, men whom he saw around him every day.

None of the critics who have examined into the strange problem of this double existence, seem to have realized the phenomenon as in fact a sufficiently common one, elevated out of resemblance to the ordinary only by the genius of the boy. He was in the midst of a perpetual drama, daily spreading further and further round him. His imagination was delighted with a constant succession of beautiful and curious visions. In his garret, all by himself, he was in the midst of the finest company. One festivity led to another. There were tournaments of arms and tournaments of song, and a thousand pageants, which swept him with them in their splendid passage. No doubt the first daring touch by which he made Rowley's poetry into actual verse, gave a certain thrill to the boy. The actual and the visionary clashed, and that tender fiction of the heart appeared, as it were, out

of doors, where men, without any just powers of judging, might call it falsehood and forgery. But he was so young that this fear could not have appalled him much—twelve years old; and no doubt he felt a certain longing to make known to somebody what a splendid world he had possession of—how much wiser and cleverer he was than his neighbours,—and what a horde of secret treasure he had upon which he could draw at will; a desire which was all mixed up and blended with a child's romancing, its uncertain sense of the boundary between the false and the fanciful, and love of everything dramatic and marvellous. This, according to every canon of human nature, seems to us the natural interpretation of the wonderful fiction of Rowley's poems. Rowley, no doubt, had come into being years before, to the much consolation of his little companion's soul.

We are not told whether he interpreted to Phillips the wonderful MS. which so much puzzled him; nor, indeed, has anything but the date of its first exhibition, and the "mortification" of the usher when he found himself unable to make it out, been preserved to us. A little later Chatterton distinguished himself by a piece of fiction of a less innocent but more amusing kind. At the foot of the bridge which he had to cross every Saturday on his way home, was a pewterer's shop, kept by two men called Catcott and Burgum. They were not of the modern race of shopkeepers, prone to villas in the country and a discreet silence as to their means of income. They were men not ashamed of the counter, ready to hold their own with any comer; important in their own eyes, and not unnoted among their townfolk. Burgum was the less elevated of the two, not born a citizen of Bristol, and possessing little education, but much vanity. Catcott, a clergyman's son, was a man of good connections, such as would scarcely be consistent now-a-days with the pewterer's shop. His brother was a clergyman in the town, and he would seem to have had a certain place in society; but his love of display and notoriety was known to everybody. He was so fond of self-exhibition that he rode his horse over the planks of a half-built bridge, in order to have the honour of being the first to cross it; and, with equally silly daring, had himself hoisted up to place a pewter tablet under the crowning stone of the new church steeple, by way of preserving the record of his name to all posterity. Such a pair would seem to have been marked out for the tricks of some mischievous school-boy; and Chatterton was full of mischief and delight

in his own skill and powers of mystification. No doubt the boy was known to both of them, as everybody, even a charity-boy, becomes known in a limited local circle. One day, when it is supposed he was about fourteen, he suddenly entered the shop he had passed so often, and disclosed a great discovery he had made. He had found the De Bergham pedigree amongst those wonderful inexhaustible papers of his. The shop was in the process of rebuilding; and Burgum, poor soul! was probably worn out by builders and painters and their lingering workmen when this wonderful news was brought to him. He fell at once into the snare. No wondering sense that a bluecoat boy was an unlikely person to make such discoveries seems to have crossed his mind, any more than it did those of greater critics of a later period. He accepted the De Bergham pedigree for gospel, and begged a sight of it. Within a few days he received "an old piece of parchment about eight inches square, on which was the shield, blazoned and full of quarterings, of the great family to which he was said to belong, and a first instalment of the pedigree. This document was one of the most extraordinary kind. It set forth the arrival in England with the Conqueror, of a certain knight called Simon de Seyncte Lyze or Senliz, whose marriages and great deeds are described with solemn gravity. It had a heading in large text to the effect that it was an "Account of the Family of the De Berghams from the Norman Conquest to this time, collected from Original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter's Records, by Thomas Chatterton." It was enriched with marginal references, done in the very irony of mischief. "Roll of Battle Abbey." "Ex-stemma fam. Sir Johan de Leveches";—Stowe, Ashmole, Collins, Dugdale, Rouge Dragon, Garter, Norroy, and the Rowley MSS. being quoted as authorities. The lad even went so far as to cite "*Oral ch. from Henry II. to Sir Jno. de Bergham*," as one of the sources from which he had drawn his materials. There were Latin notes to this wonderful document, which, as at present to be seen, are translated in the handwriting of Barrett, the author of a history of Bristol, one of the leading antiquarians and *virtuosi* of the neighbourhood. These translations mark the curious fact that a man of some learning, and pretending to some acquaintance with the real antique, was actually taken in by the pedigree, with its circumstantial records and dazzling blazonry. As for Burgum, who had no learning at all, he conceived no doubt on the

subject; but with his heart beating proudly in his breast, presented the boy with five shillings for his timely and wonderful discovery. Never was there a more successful practical joke; and Chatterton must have left the shop swelling with fun and triumph, with his crown-piece in his pocket and delight in his heart.

He had not, however, done with the pewterer. The pedigree thus miraculously found brought down the family of De Bergham only to the thirteenth century, between which and the time of Henry Burgum there might be many slips. And accordingly, the discoverer, too lavish in his fertile powers of invention to cut any thread short which he could spin out, caught up the uncompleted tale, and gave its continuation with a still more lavish hand. What so easy as to sow distinguished personages into the roll which could be subjected to no test but that of imagination? Accordingly he pauses in the commonplace record of knights and ladies to interpolate a certain Master John De Bergham, a Cistercian monk, who was one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived," a poet, and translator of the "Iliad," whose talents had been fully recognized in his own century, though grown somewhat dim in the eighteenth. "To give you an idea of the poetry of the age," said this strangest of heralds, "take the following piece, written by John de Bergham in the year 1320." And here follows the "Romaunte of the Cnyghte," one of the most archaic of all the poems, which, as well as a Latin letter from the University of Oxford, commending the high qualities of Friar John, is introduced into the very heart of the pedigree. We do not need to add that the Latinity of this letter, as well as sundry other scraps which shall follow, was of the most doubtful kind. The second part of the De Bergham pedigree produced another crown for Chatterton's empty pockets, and no doubt he felt himself thoroughly well paid for the moment. A great deal of quaint indignation has been wasted on this piece of most elaborate nonsense. Such a trick, if performed by any public-school boy of the present day, would meet with more laughter than reprobation; but Chatterton's critics have made it out to be "indescribably ignorant and impudent," and no better than a piece of swindling. Poor fourteen-year-old boy! It was indescribably clever and mischievous, and, no doubt, would have been punished by a hard imposition had such a trick been discovered by a strong-minded master at Eton or Harrow; but poor Chatterton was not permitted the privileges of his boyhood. "It may console the

reader who sympathizes in such virtuous indignation," says Dr. Wilson, who entertains other notions, "to know that the pedigree did not after all prove a bad investment. The copy-books, containing along with it and its 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte,' some of the earliest transcripts of the Rowley poems, were ultimately disposed of by the family to Mr. Joseph Cottle for the sum of five guineas." So thorough, however, was the belief of the descendant of the De Berghams in his new-found pedigree, that he actually submitted the document to the College of Heralds for confirmation—a step which, however, it is supposed was not taken till after Chatterton's death.

By this time the boy had begun to make friends out of his own sphere. The antiquarian Barrett, who was labouring busily at a history of Bristol, which has been covered with confusion, yet almost introduced to fame, by the fact that half its assertions are made on the authority of the Rowley MSS., began to traffic with him for his wonderful stock of papers, and "used often to send for him from the charity-school, which was close to his house, and differ with him in opinion, on purpose to make him in earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and light up." At one time a hope of studying medicine under the care of this gentleman, who was a doctor, seems to have crossed his mind; and it is evident that he was permitted to read many medical works, and to pick up some superficial knowledge of the science. Barrett is much blamed by Dr. Wilson for his want of insight into the poet's character, and for having repulsed his confidence and lost the opportunity of leading him safely into the paths of greatness. But notwithstanding all the sympathy we feel for Chatterton, it cannot be denied that he hoaxed his friends all round with charming impartiality, and afterwards satirized them with a plainness of speech at which it is natural enough to suppose they must have winced. Had anybody been able to foresee the blackness of darkness so soon to overtake him, the wild despair and miserable fate of a boy so full of exuberant life and power and prodigal energy, who can doubt that Barrett and Catcott and the rest, would have used their possibilities of help in a different way? But nobody foresees such wonderful and tragic breaks upon the ordinary routine of existence; and the boy in his rash precocity, and the men in their commonplace indifference, went their way, roused by no presentiment. A certain wonder, one would think, must have grown about the lad who could produce such

treasures at a moment's notice; but it does not seem to have affected the minds of his school-fellows, who dabbled in small verses themselves, and were, each boy to his own consciousness, as good men as he. It is curious to find that none of the admiring devotion with which every gifted schoolboy in a higher class is regarded by some at least of his comrades, seems to have attended Chatterton. Probably this is explained by the lower range of breeding and training, and that strange insensibility to personal influence, and high esteem for self, which make the tradesman-class everywhere the one least subject to any generous weakness of enthusiasm. The Bristol men who were boys with Chatterton were all indignant at the mere suggestion that Rowley and he were one. They were affronted by the idea. It was a personal injustice to them that their schoolfellow should be made out a genius. They had no objection to his acknowledged writings, which they considered no better than their own. But Rowley's poems, they were sure, with an indignation which had a touch of bitterness in it, were no more his writing than theirs. He had friends, but he had nobody who believed in him—a curious distinction of the class in which he was born. Had he been a gentleman's son, no doubt a young guard of honour, school-fellows, college friends, half of the youth he came across in his career, would have been ready to risk their life in proof of his genius. And the chances are, that in these circumstances the lad himself would never have been tempted to the fierce satire and bitter scorn of many of his youthful productions. But it is necessary for us to accept him as he is, a poor charity-boy among a set of young apprentices, Bristol tradesmen in the bud, all confident of being as good as he or as any one, and capable of no worship of the greater spirit in their midst.

After the era of the pedigree, Chatterton seems to have gone on with a still stronger flight. He cannot have been more than fifteen, for he still wore the dress of his school, when he met with the other partner in the pewterer's firm. No doubt Burgum had exhibited proudly to his partner the proofs of his own splendid descent, and pointed out the passing schoolboy to whom he owed it; and Chatterton probably was attracted towards Catcott by the achievement above recorded, his crossing of the half-built bridge upon planks laid from pier to pier, with a daring-do worthy of any knight of romance. This event took place in June 1767; and in July of the same year the lad left school, and put off his yellow stockings and tonsure-cap; so it must have

been on one of the summer days intervening that the two first met. Mr. Catcott was walking with a friend in Redcliffe Church when he was informed of the fact that several ancient pieces of poetry had been found there, and were in the possession of a "young person" known to his informant. This news prompted him to seek Chatterton, perhaps to call him in as he went past, into the shop already so well known to him, which contained such a monument of his skill. The boy showed not the least reluctance to speak of his discoveries; and, according to Catcott's statement, gave him at once "The Bristowe Tragedie; or the Deth of Sir Charles Bawdin," and several of the smaller poems. Probably they were but submitted to his criticism and approbation. He was a man with a library, and every possibility of getting at books was precious to the boy; and this was the commencement of a curious kind of friendship, in which there seems to have been little regard on the one side or the other, but a considerable attempt at mutual profit. In Catcott's hands many of the MSS. remained after Chatterton's death, and he does not seem to have made a generous use of them; nor did any gleam of insight into the strange story occur to the eyes of the self-occupied shopkeeper. He too received Rowley with undoubting faith. The boy was but a charity-boy—one of the many blue-coated urchins that swarmed past the shop-windows all the year round, and broke the panes, and got in everybody's way. Genius! Mr. Catcott would have laughed at the idea. The boy was old Chatterton's grandson, the gravedigger, and no doubt had got at the poems exactly as he said. Not the remotest suspicion of a hoax seems to have disturbed the composure or self-conceit of these shallow men. And thus the boy went and came—to Barrett, who probably gave him an occasional half-crown for the bits of curious information about old Bristol which he brought him from time to time, and who liked to see the light flash up in his great grey shining eyes; to Catcott, who received his MSS. with pompous pretended knowledge; and by-and-by to Catcott's clergyman brother, and other worthies of their set, no doubt with a wonder growing in his mind that no one divined the real source of all these marvels. One can imagine the lad's half-trouble, half-delight, in thus bewildering so many—and at the same time the wistful sense of uncomprehended power which must have grown upon him and driven him back to his visionary associates. We are told even that he tried more than once to confide in Barrett,

faltering forth an admission that the fine and vigorous poem called the "Battle of Hastings," which he presented to the antiquary in his own handwriting, was actually his own composition, and "done for a friend." Barrett, wise man of the world, not to be taken in by such fictions, laughed at the boy. He pressed him to produce the rest of the poem, which was accordingly done at intervals, in fragments, as they could be composed; and pressed him still further for the original MS., which the lad — amazed, disappointed, and yet filled — who can wonder? — with a certain mischievous contempt for the man who swallowed every fiction he chose to bring yet laughed at the truth — instantly began to fabricate. His docility in such a case is very comprehensible. All the fun of his schoolboy nature, and all the scorn with which an inexperienced young soul looks upon stupidity and intellectual blindness, must have moved him to fool his patron to the top of his bent. It was the man's sin, if any real sin was in it, and not the boy's.

In July 1767, Chatterton was transferred from school to the office of an attorney, to whom he was bound apprentice, the fee being supplied by the Hospital. He was to have no wages, but to be clothed, lodged, and maintained by his new employer, a Mr. Lambert — to take his meals with the servants and sleep with the footboy; an arrangement which was supposed by all parties very satisfactory for a Blue-coat boy. So far as we are informed, he himself does not seem to have been any way revolted by it as we are; for it must be remembered that Chatterton as yet had only a boy's glorious sense of being able to do almost anything he tried — the first and perhaps the most delicious sensation of genius — without knowing what was his own real standing among all the owls and bats who were so much more important in the world's eye than he. His office hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, with an hour in the middle of the day for dinner, and he was expected to return to his master's house every night by ten o'clock. Two hours in the evening were thus all he had for recreation of any kind, and these he almost invariably spent at his mother's house. During the two years he remained with Mr. Lambert he was only once late in returning. These facts effectually dispose of all insinuations made against the poor boy's character. He never drank, avoiding even the most modest potations — was fond of tea, and not, it would seem, without an innocent liking for confectionery, simplest of all the tastes of youth.

Twelve hours in the solitude of the office, where now and then the footboy or a maid from Mr. Lambert's would come on some pretended errand to make sure that he was there, for the attorney himself was almost always absent; two hours in the evening spent with his mother among her shreds and patches, or in the beloved lumber-room. Never did monk observe a severer routine of duty; and yet the poor boy was called a profligate: no imputation was ever more unjust or untrue.

But it would be wrong to suppose that this intermediate period was a loss to Chatterton. Mr. Lambert's business seems to have been a very light one, and his apprenticeship must have been as much office-boy as clerk — "he had little of his master's business to do, sometimes not two hours in a day," says his sister; and though he was supposed to be "improving himself in professional knowledge" by copying precedents during the remainder of the long lonely days, there was plenty of time left for more congenial work. "Nearly four hundred closely-written folio pages" of these precedents are left to prove that he did not neglect even this musty work — which is no small tribute to his sense of duty; for the master was absent, and there was no one to keep him to the grindstone, and so many inducements to drop away. The office contained, besides a library of law-books, a complete edition of Camden's "Britannia;" and his friends whom he supplied with a succession of wonders lent him books at least, which was some small return. A number of dictionaries of Saxon and early English, Speght's "Chaucer," and various old chronicles, fed his mind and formed his style. We are told that he compiled from these authorities for his own use an elaborate glossary in archaic and modern English, which was his constant companion. There can be no doubt, as Sir Walter Scott suggests, that to master a style so cumbrously and artificially antique must have taken almost as much time as the learning of a new language; but yet there is a great deal in the trick of such a mode of writing, and we are inclined to believe that the real labour must have been in the compilation of the glossary, which made the rest easy enough — especially as the antiquity of the Rowley poems is entirely artificial; and the young poet does not seem to have felt that any study of the sentiments or forms of expression natural to the period was required to give an air of truthfulness to his productions, greedily and unhesitatingly as they were swallowed by all the authorities round him. The fact seems to have been that a

certain impetuous, almost feverish, haste and impatience had come upon the lad unconsciously to himself. The silent moments flew over him as he laboured in that dreary little office. Something in him, something instinctive, inarticulate, incapable of giving any warning of what was to come, had been impressed by a sense of the shortness of the time and the quantity of work to do. We are informed repeatedly that the attorney on his visits to the office tore up pages of poetry which he found in his clerk's handwriting, and which he perceived was not law-work, nor within his range of comprehension; so that it is perfectly probable that a much larger quantity of the Rowley poems was produced than those which have reached us. In his ignorance and innocence most likely the boy was swept along by an eager desire to set Rowley, and his time and ways and everything surrounding him—the friends and citizens and noble knights who were so much kinder, nobler, and more true than anything in the eighteenth century—fully before his audience. He wanted, with a certain human longing at the bottom of all his childish trickery and intrigue, to convey to others some glimpse of that splendid visionary world which, from his earliest years, had surrounded himself. And he thought he had succeeded in doing so, poor, brilliant, foolish boy of genius! He thought his painfully-selected, uncouth words, and wonderful spelling, were no masquerade, but gave a real representation of the life he wanted to make apparent to the world. Nothing could show more clearly his unsophisticated simplicity; for he believed in their truth himself as fervently as the most credulous of all his dupes,—not in their truth of fact as the poems of Rowley, for that, of course, was impossible; but in their truth to the period they professed to represent, and real faithfulness to its characteristics—a belief which only shows how little educated, how simple and unacquainted with the history of the ages, and the difference between one and another, was the boy poet. The masquerade, transparent as it is to us, was reality to himself.

In 1768, when Chatterton was sixteen, after he had been a whole year in Mr. Lambert's office, the new bridge, over which, when half built, Catcott had ridden with so much silly braggadocio, was formally opened; and on occasion of this ceremony, Chatterton tried his hand at a mystification of the general public. He sent an extract to a local paper out of Rowley's wonderful stories, in which, it appeared, every kind of illustration appropriate to every variety

of experience might be found. "The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an old MS., may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers," he says, signing himself "Dunelmus Bristolienensis," to "Farley's Bristol Journal;" and the accompanying extract was given with all formality as it is quoted. The reader will perceive how, under the strange and over-elaborate marks of antiquity, are forms of expression audaciously modern, and a general air of to-day, by which no true antiquary could ever be deceived:—

"On Fridaie was the Time fixed for passing the newe Brydye: Aboute the Time of the Tollynge the tenth Clock, Master Greggorie Dalbenye, mounted on a Fergreyne Horse, enformed Master Maior all Thyngs were prepared; when two Beadils want fyrst streying fresh stre, next came a Manne dressed up as follows: Hose of Goatskyn, erinepart outwards, Doublet and Waystcoat also, over which a white Robe without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so longe, reeching but to his Lends; a girdle of Azure over his left shoulder, rechde also to his Lends on the Ryght, and doubled back to his Left, bucklying with a Gouldin Buckel, dangled to his knee; thereby representing a Saxon Elderman. In his hande he bare a shield, the Maystrie of Gille a Brogton, who painteded the same, representyng Sainct Warburgh crosseynge the Ford. Then a mickle strong Manne, in armour, carried a huge anlace; after whom came six claryons and Minstrels, who sang the Song of Saincte Warburgh; then came Master Maior, mounted on a white Horse, dight with sable Trappying, wrought about by the Nunnes of Saincte Kenna with gould and silver. Next followed the 'Eldermen and Cittie Broders' all fitly mounted and caparisoned; and after them a procession of priests and friars, also singing St. Warburgh's Song.

"In thilk Manner reechyng the Brydye, the Manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst Top of a Mound, yreid in the midst of the Bridge; then went up the Manne with the sheelde, after him the Minstrels and Clarions; and then the Preestes and Freeres, all in white Albs, makyng a most goodlie shewe; the Maior and Eldermen standing round, theie sang, with the sound of Clarions, the Song of Saincte Baldwyn: which beyng done, the Manne on the Top threwe with greet Myght his anlace into the see, and the Clarions gounded an auntiant charge and Forloyn: then theie sang againe the Songe of Saincte Warburgh, and proceeded up Chryst's Hill to the Cross, where a Latin Sermon was preached by Ralph de Blundeville. And with sound of clarion theie agayne went to the Brydye, and there dined; spendyng the rest of the Daie in Sportes and Plaies: the Freeres of Saincte Augustine doeyng the Plaie of the Knyghtes of Bristowe, making a greette Fire at Night on Kynwulph Hyll."

This bit of supposed antiquity caused a considerable sensation in the town. It had been brought to the printing-office by a stranger, and it was only on his return with another communication of a similar character that his identity was discovered. Catcott, to whom the narrative was doubly interesting on account of his recent exploit, had made eager inquiries about the source from which it came, and was no doubt confirmed in his belief in Rowley by finding that this wonderful piece of narrative proceeded from the same inexhaustible stores. The boy appears to have been rather roughly handled by the printing-house people. "His age and appearance altogether precluded the idea of his being the author;" and when peremptorily questioned as to where he got it, he drew back within himself, and became as obstinate as his questioners were surly. It was only when they softened, and begged for the information which he alone could afford, that he yielded. He gave the same reply that he had already done to Catcott and Burgum—that this was one of the many MSS. which his father had taken from the muniment-room at Redcliffe Church. At the very same time, however, he showed to a certain John Rudhall, one of his comrades, with boyish imprudence, the process by which he prepared his parchments and imitated the ancient writing. No doubt the publication of this scrap of history gave fresh energy to his dealings with Barrett, whom he served in the strangest way, humouring his longing for original documents, and inventing, as he went along, with a miraculous appropriateness to the need of the moment, which one would think must have excited some suspicion in the mind of the historian. Authorities do not generally drop down from heaven upon a writer exactly when he wants them in this lavish way. But no doubt seems to have crossed the mind of the antiquary. "No one surely ever had such good fortune as myself," he cried many years after ecstatically, "in procuring MSS. and ancient deeds to help me in investigating the history and antiquities of this city." It does not seem ever to have occurred to the self-absorbed compiler that there was anything remarkable in the fact of the lad Chatterton being able to decipher and identify such documents, even had his possession of them been fully explained. He took everything for granted with the most admirable imbecility, and made the fullest use of them, as will be seen from the following account of his work, which we quote from Dr. Wilson:—

"If the reader turn from the biographer's pages to those of the historian and antiquary of Bristol, for information about William Canynge the elder, merchant and mayor of Bristol in the age of Chaucer, when Edward III. and his grandson Richard reigned; or for the facts concerning the younger Canynge of the times of the Roses; of Sir Symon de Byrtoun, Sir Baldwin Fulford, or even of the good priest Rowley, — he suddenly finds himself involved in the most ludicrous perplexities. Mr. Barrett was, in earlier days, an undoubted believer in Rowley, and continued to welcome with unquestioning credulity the apt discoveries which were ever rewarding the researches of Chatterton among the old parchments purloined by his father from Redcliffe Church. Did the historian attempt to follow up his first chapter of British and Roman Bristol, with its Roman camps, roads, and coins, by a second, treating in like manner of Saxon and Norman Bristol, his meagre data are forthwith augmented by the discovery of an account by Turgot, a Saxon ecclesiastic, who lived not long after the time assigned by Camden for the origin of the city, 'Of ancient coynes found at and near Bristowe, with the historie of the fyrst coynynge, by the Saxones, done from the Saxon ynto Englyshe, by T. Rowlie.' From the same voracious pen follows an account of 'Mayster Canynge, hys cabinet of aunteaunte monuments;' the same being a wondrous library and antiquarian museum of Bristol in the days of Henry VI. Did Leland fail the historian, painfully assiduous in researches into early ecclesiastical foundations: an old MS. of Rowley fortunately turns up, with valuable notes on St. Baldwyn's Chapelle in Baldwyn's Street; the Chapelle of St. Mary Magdalen, in the time of Earl Goodwyne; Seyncte Austin's Chapelle, with its 'aunciantrie and nice carvellynge;' and other equally curious and apocryphal edifices.

"So it is throughout the volume."

It seems to have been only when he had thus fully convinced all the authorities round him — and of course such men as the Catcotts and Barrett were, till he saw through them, great men to the attorney's apprentice, the charity-boy and descendant of grave-diggers — that Chatterton began to dream of fame and fortune. No doubt it must have been every way bad for the boy to fathom so speedily, and find out the narrowness and meanness of the only people he had to look up to. When he perceived with his clear eyes how utterly deceivable they were and yet how selfish, taking from him what they wanted without any attempt to help him, or the slightest appreciation of his powers, it is not wonderful if the natural impulse of arrogant youth to despise its pottering commonplace seniors, grew stronger and more bitter within him. He took these small luminaries as a type of the

critics and teachers of the world—as indeed, to a certain extent, they were—and trimmed his pinions to a loftier flight. As he had taken in the wisecracks at home, no doubt he could take in the others outside the little world of Bristol, and make a stepping-stone of them, and dash forth upon a universe where surely—grand final hope which represents some faith still in an ideal human nature—somebody was to be found who would know what all those hieroglyphics meant, and decipher the strange language and hail the new poet. There is the strangest mixture of simplicity and cunning, belief in the credulity of others, and pathetic credulity on his own part, in Chatterton's first attempt upon the larger world. He wrote to Dodsley the publisher, offering "several ancient poems, and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic work extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV." Receiving no answer to this letter, after an interval of two months he wrote again, a pitiful epistle, giving an account of the tragedy of "Ella," and asking for "one guinea to enable him to procure permission to copy it." Poor boy! The extreme poverty to which one guinea is a matter of importance has something pathetic in it, which drops a merciful veil over those little meannesses, by none more bitterly felt than by those compelled to do them, which need produces. Whether he received any answer at all to this painful application there is no way of knowing. But shortly after, he made another and more dignified effort. Horace Walpole, who is so well known to us all—a man of much greater calibre than the Catcotts and Barrett, yet who probably in the same circumstances would have been as easily deceived, and as little conscious of Chatterton's real qualities as they—was, at the distance from which alone the Bristol boy could regard such a potentate, as a god among men. Distance, alas! has an immense deal to do with many reputations. A vague dilated idea of the noble gentleman, who, though already in the highest place which fortune could bestow, yet condescended to write, to take an interest in art, and to bestow a glorious patronage upon its professors, was the young poet's conception of the *dilettante* of Strawberry Hill. He was a patron worth having—a man whose notice would open an entire world of honour and gladness to the ardent boy. He too, even, had sinned, if it could be called sin, in the same splendid way. Chatterton was Rowley; but was not Walpole the Baron of Otranto, able to understand all

these quaint delights of antiquity, half simulated, half real—to see through the disguise, and recognize the real poet? Such, no doubt, was the poor lad's dream—and such a dream has aroused, one time or another, every poetical youthful imagination. A sudden exhilaration seems to have filled his mind when this project dawned upon him. He could not, would not, doubt its success. "He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life," says his sister. "His ambition increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloomed that for days together he would say but very little, and apparently by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame: confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me that we should be partakers of his success."

Strangely enough, however, this pure impulse to seek a higher sphere and a patron more likely to comprehend him, was carried out by another of those amazing fictions to which his mind had grown familiar. He approached Walpole not as a young poet seeking to make himself known, nor even as the discoverer of a poet, but with a long, quaint, very absurd, and, to our eyes, very transparent account of a multitude of mediæval painters, immortalized by Rowley, which might be used (he suggests) in a future edition of Walpole's "*Anecdotes of Painting*"! Nothing more daring than this sudden creation of a Bristol school of painters, as numerous as the Umbrian or Venetian, and to all appearance quite as distinguished, could be conceived; and it shows the wonderful simplicity of the poor boy, and his unconsciousness of the fact that history did exist independent of Rowley, and that his wonderful statement could be put to its test. In the note which accompanied this extraordinary production he introduced himself to Walpole as a brother *dilettante*. "Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious MSS.," he says. No doubt this mode of approaching the great man seemed to the youth the perfection of craft and prudence; and when he received in return a courtly letter, complimenting him upon his learning, his urbanity, and politeness, and couched in the terms due from one stately student to another, it is not wonderful if he felt his hopes almost realized. The poor boy wrote again, not abandoning his grandiloquent pretence as to Rowley, but bursting into a little personal history as well. He told his splendid correspondent that he was "the son of a poor widow who supported

him with great difficulty; that he was still an apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste or turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish," says Walpole, who is our only authority as to the words of this letter, "that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent." With this letter Chatterton enclosed no more nonsense about painters, but several of the Rowley poems, and awaited the result with, it is too easy to imagine, a beating heart.

The result was such as might have been anticipated. The courteous reception of a doubtful antiquity from a brother virtuoso, which involved nothing more than civility and a learned correspondence, was one thing; but to take bodily upon one's shoulders the charge of an uneducated and penniless lad, with a fardel of very suspicious MSS., was a totally different matter. Our friend Horace was taken much aback. He had no way of knowing that it was a matter of life and death to his correspondent; and even had he done so, it is doubtful whether he would have thought the despair of a Bristol apprentice anything like so important as his own comfort and equanimity. But he was still courteous, even kind in his way. He submitted the poems to Gray and Mason, whose opinion against their genuineness was stronger than his own, and he wrote very civilly to the young unfortunate. "I undeceived him," he says, "about my being a person of interest, and urged him that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it that in her old age he might absolve the filial debt. I told him that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations." Pitiless words! yet not meant badly by the fine gentleman, to whom, no doubt, it appeared quite possible that a budding attorney might one day make some kind of dirty little fortune. Poor Chatterton, stinging and tingling in every vein, yet keeping his temper with a miraculous effort, replied in defence of his MSS., upon which his correspondent had thrown a doubt. "I am not able to dispute with a person of your character," cries the poor boy, who, even in this bitter moment cannot refrain from some circumstantial fibbing about his Rowley, whose productions he copied, he says, "from a transcript in the hands of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity." But he concludes with a burst of indignant but not undignified feeling. "Though I am but sixteen years of age, I

have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law."

Poor hot-headed disappointed boy! no doubt there were bitter tears in his eyes as he wrote these words, so full of indignant meaning, so real in feeling, and yet so impossible. Twice after he had to apply to Walpole for the return of his MSS., Horace having gone to Paris to enjoy himself for six weeks in the mean time, and forgotten all about his petitioner. They were finally returned without a word to apologize for the delay. And thus ended poor Chatterton's dream—the only project with any real foundation to it which had yet entered his fertile brain.

But yet it would be cruel to impute any serious blame to Walpole. Advice is an unpalatable substitute for warm support and championship; but there was no reason why he should accept the task of setting up this boy in the world, and making a career for him. No doubt he was sorry afterwards if it ever occurred to him that his repulse had anything to do with Chatterton's fate. But we cannot believe that it had actually anything to do with it. The boy's energies were quite fresh and unbroken, and the sting of a great disappointment is quite as often a spur as a discouraging blow. Probably the cutting off of his hopes had something to do with the sharp and angry satires produced during his last year in Bristol, and which seem to have been chiefly directed against his friends. One of these, Mr. Catcott the pewterer, received his castigation in such a Christian spirit, or rather with such unexampled vanity, as to annotate and preserve it, evidently with an idea that fame is fame, and that to be celebrated in satiric verse is better than not to be celebrated at all. But his brother the clergyman, with whom Chatterton had become intimate, received it in quite another fashion, and broke off all intercourse with the rash boy—a fact which would seem to have startled him—the first punishment of his unsparing ridicule. By this time he seems to have become very well known in Bristol. He had a bowing acquaintance, his sister tells us, with almost all the young men; and his strange ways, his fits of silence, his abstruse occupations, and no doubt in such an age his unusual temperance, made him an object of some wonder to the common crowd. He was like nobody else in that little world. He was known to be already a man of letters, contributing to the

newspapers and magazines; and that of itself was foundation enough upon which to attribute to him all manner of oddity. Wondering looks followed as he went on his dreamy way from Mr. Lambert's house to his office — from the office to his mother's humble little dwelling. That was the utmost extent of his locomotion on week-days; but on Sunday he made expeditions into the country, and would bring home drawings of village churches which had taken his fancy; or beguiling a half-reluctant companion to the river-side, would throw himself down on the grass and read to him, probably to the great bewilderment of his faculties, one of Rowley's poems; or in a gayer mood would join the gay crowd in the public promenade, where the girls went to show their finery. He had many friends among those "girls," the pretty blossoms of their generation, who perhaps were less hard upon him than wiser folk — and wrote verses to them, and promised to write them letters when he went away; but these friendships were such that he could send his messages to them through his mother — a harmless mode of correspondence.

These are the higher lights of Chatterton's life. But all this time it must be remembered that the lad who had been permitted to discuss theology with the clerical Catcott, and give information to the antiquarian Barrett — who had correspondence with Walpole, and seen himself in print in a London magazine — and who had formed a thousand dreams more splendid than any reality — was still the bedfellow of Mr. Lambert's footboy, eating his spare meals in Mr. Lambert's kitchen with the maids, and with no place of refuge from these companions except in the office, where sometimes Mr. Lambert himself would appear furious, seizing upon his cherished labours, and scattering the floor with the fragments of his lost poetry. He was boarded and clothed by this harsh employer, but had not a penny even to provide himself with paper, except the chance half-crowns which Barrett or Catcott bestowed upon him for his MSS. If he was "moody and uneven in spirits," what wonder? With such associates round him continually, it would have been strange if he had not been subject to "fits of absence." And as he grew and developed, the yoke became more and more irksome. He was apprenticed to Mr. Lambert for seven years, only two of which were gone, and to get free was the object of his constant longing. He would run away, he said, in despair, in the evening hours which he spent at home, and which were often spent, no doubt, in those anxious pleadings with him

for patience on the part of the troubled women, and wild complaints on his side, which are unfortunately so common. One knows the very arguments the poor mother would use, praying her impatient boy, with tears in her eyes, to put up with it a little longer. What was to become of him? — what was to become of them all if he threw away this only certain sustenance? There are few of us who have not seen such scenes; but not many discontented boys nowadays have such foundation as had poor Chatterton, thus beset on every side, and shut out from any possible consolation or even privacy in his life.

It is hard to say whether the accident which cut short his bondage was the result of careful arrangement on his part, or if it was simply chance; probably a little of both. There is a mixture of levity and reality in the strange document called his will, which seems to bring before us too clearly for any artifice the workings of the strange double mind — one all schoolboy insolence, the other deepening into a pathetic sense of all the mysteries of life — which inspired the lad. This curious production begins with satirical addresses to his friends Burgum and Catcott in verse, and breaking off abruptly with a reference to the usual burial-place of suicides, continues thus: —

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the City of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon. The soundness of my mind the Coroner and Jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.

"Item, If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the Coroner and Jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

"On the first, to be engraved in Old English characters —

"Vous qui par ici passez
Par l'ame Guaterline Chatterton priez;
Le Cors di ol ici gist,
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. — MCCX.

"On the second tablet, in Old English characters —

"Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Aliea Uxeris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit X. die mensis

Novemb. MCCCCXV., quorum animabus propinetur Deus. Amen.*

"On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters—

"Sacred to the Memory of

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Subhaunter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 17th of August 1752.

"On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters—

"To the Memory of

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, Judge not: If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power; to that Power alone is he now answerable."

This wonderful jumble of the imaginary and true, fictitious ancestors and but too real father and son, is not more remarkable than the sudden drop in a moment from the false levity of all that precedes it to the touching and pathetic words which have since been inscribed on Chatterton's monument—a momentary gleam of the better and truer soul. The will then relapses into satire, as the boy bequeaths his "vigour and fire of youth," his humility, his modesty, his spirit and disinterestedness, his powers of utterance and his free-thinking, to various of his friends, patrons, and enemies in Bristol. Then he pauses, with once more a recollection of something better, to make a kind of apology to the Catechists for his sins against them. "I have an unlucky way of railing, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me I spare neither friend nor foe," says the poor fool of genius, divided between real regret for his cruelties, and a certain sense that it is a fine thing to have talents and impulses which are too strong to be resisted. "I leave all my debts," he concludes, "the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the generous Chamber of Bristol. . . . I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. Executed in the presence of Omniscience, the 14th of April 1770." This wonderful melange of flippancy and solemnity is endorsed as follows: "All this wrote between eleven and two o'clock, Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind." Poor boy! wearing his charlatan habit with such a tragic truthfulness! He meant it every word, and yet he meant it not. He was playing with that cold-gleaming remorseless weapon of death; touching the axe with his finger, jesting over it, shooting sharp shafts under cover of its presence, and laughing at the twinges of his victims; yet wondering, wondering all the time when the moment came how it would feel.

He left this composition, written, as most of his productions were, in a copy-book

* The French and Latin are given as Chatterton wrote them.

upon his desk; and by chance or by design it fell into Mr. Lambert's hands. The attorney had been already scared by another trick of the same kind, and was too much alarmed any longer to run the risk of finding a dead drudge in his office some day instead of a living one. His alarm was so great that we are told the indentures were immediately cancelled, and the dangerous apprentice dismissed. He was as glad to be rid of Lambert as Lambert must have been to get rid of him; and went back to his mother, carrying trouble and consternation into the dressmaker's humble household, but full of confidence himself. "Would you have me stay here and starve?" he asked, when the weeping women tried to dissuade him from his project of going to London; and then he chattered to them of the great future that was coming, and of all the grandeur he would surround them with. He talked away their fears, or at least talked them silent—no rare occurrence; for here again is no exceptional feature in a poet's life, but one of the perennial chances of humanity—the confident boy, fearing nothing, eager to dash into the fight and dare all its perils—the older, sadder souls that have themselves been wounded in the battle, weeping, doubting, deprecating, and yet not without a feeling in their hearts that for him an exception may be made which goes against all experience, and that such bright hope and courage and confidence cannot altogether fail.

And in this moment of necessity his friends stepped in to help. They made up a purse for him to pay his expenses to London and give him a start in his new career. The amount is not known, and probably was not very great; but it was enough to send the boy away in the highest spirits, in the basket and afterwards on the top of the coach, where he "rid easy," as he writes to his mother. He wrote the first morning after his arrival a long letter with a complete itinerary of his journey. He had got into London at five in the evening on the 25th of April, and had at once proceeded to visit the booksellers with whom he had already some kind of connection, through his contributions to the Town and Country and other magazines. He had, he says, "great encouragement from them all; all approved of my design." He had seen various relations in London and had received a kindly welcome; and altogether was in high hope and excitement, feeling himself on the verge of a brilliant fate.

Chatterton established himself in lodgings in Shoreditch—a curious locality, considering all the fine company which he imme-

diately declared himself to be keeping. So far as personal comfort went he would not seem to have much improved by the change, for again we find he shared his room with a nephew of his landlady's; a young plasterer, whose peace must have been strangely disturbed by his new bedfellow. "He used to sit up almost all night in writing and reading," says the plasterer's sister; "and her brother said he was afraid to lie with him, for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he saw, never closed his eyes." And, however late he had been, he invariably got up when the young workman did, between five and six. The same feverish restlessness seems to have distinguished him through all the remainder of his brief life. His letters are like the utterance of a man in a breathless hurry. He is writing this and that—he is sought for here and there. Wilkes is anxious to see him; Beckford the mayor is going to make his fortune. He knows all the wits at the coffee-houses; he meant to have called on the Duke of Bedford, but could not, as he was ill. All these startling intimations of exalted fortune hurry from his pen as if he had no time to take breath. And he must indeed, during the first month he spent in London, have been busy enough, though not to much profit. He had papers in the "Middlesex Journal," the "Freeholders' Magazine," the "Town and Country Magazine," the "Annual Register;" and even the "Gospel Magazine" received contributions from him, "for a whim" as he tells the anxious watchers at home. "I get four guineas a-month by one magazine," he wrote a fortnight after his arrival, "and shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" He promises his sister "two silks during the summer," she has only to choose the colours; and does manage somehow or other to send his mother a box containing a half-dozen cups and saucers, two fans, and some British herb snuff for his grandmother—a touching proof of the boy's tender thought of his own people, the humble, simple, anxious family, who were rejoicing with trembling in the little Bristol house.

Amid all this big talk, however, he allows himself to complain, in a letter to his sister, that the political essays or letters which he had begun to write did not pay. It was the age of Junius, and the ambitious boy had set himself up as a kind of rival to Junius under the title of Decimus. But he

found that "essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for," and that on the other side they fetch nothing at all. "You must pay to have them printed," he says with curious shrewdness, "but then you seldom lose by it." "If money flowed as fast on me as honours," he adds, "I would give you a portion of £5000." There does not seem to have been any foundation for all these boasts; yet the brag which was made to keep up the spirits of his mother and sister, and conceal from them his privations, surely deserves to be called at least a pious fraud, and must not be too sharply criticised. He kept up the farce almost to the end, describing himself on the 20th July, only a month before his death, as having "a universal acquaintance: my company is courted everywhere; and could I humble myself to go into a compteur, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great: State matters suit me better than commercial," says the boy, in what must have been the half-delirious self-assertion of a spirit approaching the final margin of despair. A little later he tries to obtain a recommendation from Mr. Barrett for a situation as surgeon in a ship going to Africa, a wonderful practical contradiction to his boasts which must have confused the minds of his friends. Barrett refused to give it, as was natural. And then the darkness seems to have closed in around the unhappy lad. The last visible sign we have of him in this world is a letter to Catcott, mostly about the architecture of Redcliffe Church, and the improvement of the Bristol streets. "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian," he says. These are almost his last words out of the gathering shadows. They are dated the 12th August, but twelve days before his death; but not a word is in them to lead to the inference that the writer's heart and hopes were failing, that he was nearly at the end of all his devices, beginning to starve among strangers. Shortly before this he had changed his lodging, for no reason that is told to us, but probably that he might hide his growing poverty, the beginning of utter want and destitution, from people who knew him. A relative of his own lived in the house in Shoreditch, and must have found out his privations—and the poor proud boy preferred to hide his misery and suffer alone.

There is but little to be learned about his last days. He had stolen away like a wounded animal to hide what he had to bear. For the first time in his life he had his poor room to himself. It was in the

dusky neighbourhood of Holborn, in the midst of the fullest din of London, and nobody who knew him was near to win the unhappy one back to hope. He had written night and day, using all his young strong faculties to the utmost, dispensing with sleep and food and all the ordinary supports of mortal men; and this, no doubt, had undermined his health, so that despair had so much the easier mastery of him when, after valiantly fighting the wolf at the door for four long months, it at last broke in. The publishers, according to his own calculation, were owing him eleven pounds — enough to give so frugal a being bread for some time to come; but he could not get the money that was owing to him, and that bitter doubt and distrust of man which lay in the depths of his nature broke forth in full force, adding a double pang to his other sufferings. With that horrible doubt and sense of wrong came the pride which is their natural companion. Humble overtures of kindness made by the humble people about him, who saw that the boy was starving, were rejected with scorn. Once only the pretence of an oyster-supper tempted him to eat in the house of a kind apothecary in his new neighbourhood. This, it is supposed, was his last meal. When his landlady begged him to share her dinner with her in the last awful days, the poor boy, mad with hunger and despair, resented the Christian charity. He kept himself all alone “a prisoner in his room” with such thoughts as only the eye of God could see. Between the unhappy child (not eighteen) in his despair, and those tenderest, most pitiful, all-comprehending eyes of the Father in heaven, it is not fit that any man should interpose his vain judgment. On the 24th of August the boy’s fortitude or his mind gave way. It is possible that he had the poison in readiness for some such emergency, or else that he staggered forth, all weak and ghastly, to get it when nature could bear no more. It was arsenic, mixed with water, we are told, which was the means of death he chose. Next morning, when the frightened people of the house broke open his door, he lay among a thousand fragments of the papers he had torn up wildly before dying, in all his young beauty, the bright eyes dim, the strong limbs powerless, like a young oak-tree felled, while all his strength was yet to come. This was the end of his struggles, his indomitable courage, his wild tender

boastings of good fortune which had never been. The sleepless soul had perished in its pride. The great career which ought to have been was annulled for ever.

We have not attempted any criticism of Dr. Wilson’s careful and sympathetic study of this short sad life. The ground has been often gone over, but never with more painstaking labour or truer feeling; and this book is not burdened, as are almost all others on the same subject, with elaborate discussions about the comparative wickedness of literary forgeries, or the forgotten arguments of the Rowley controversy. Dr. Wilson’s interest is with his hero — to whom he has rendered the calm yet generous justice which is scarcely ever attained by contemporaries, or even by critics of the generation immediately following — and not with mere literary discussions or *dilettante* arguments.

We have refrained, too, from the Rowley controversy, and also from the Rowley poems, as things of inferior and temporary moment in comparison with the story of their author. The first is dead, as all such absurd discussions must come to be as soon as remorseless Time has laid his hand upon them. The poems, if not dead, are sadly buried under the rubbish of artificial antiquity with which it pleased their author to encumber them. Underneath are to be found rich tints of beauty and power, the scatterings of a splendid and prodigal genius; but we have no space to enter into criticism. We are told, in all Chatterton’s earlier memoirs, with the unflinching set moral of the eighteenth century, that had he but waited a while all would have been well with him. Did not Dr. Fry of St. John’s College, Cambridge, go to Bristol very shortly after to investigate into the Rowley poems and their discoverer? “Poor Chatterton! he might have grown to be a perfect man, and become a happy poet and a Christian philosopher,” says one of his anonymous biographers. But, after all, there is nothing certain in Dr. Fry nor in the justice of the world; and the only conclusion we have the heart to put to this saddest chapter of literary history, is that which he himself appointed to be placed over his grave: “Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power: to that Power alone is he now answerable.” There is nothing more to be said.

CHAPTER VI.

"I do not ask if Monsieur slept well, for I know he did," said Carlino next morning in high glee.

"Perfectly," replied the Baron. "It is said that the Prince of Condé never slept so soundly as on the eve of the battle of Rocroi."

"But you had no battle in view," said Carlino.

"Who knows!" sighed the Baron, and a shade of unspeakable sadness passed over his face. He remained with his eyes closed for a minute in deep meditation; then rousing himself he said — "Take that bunch of keys lying on the table, the largest but one opens the drawers of the bureau in the study, unlock the second drawer and bring it to me."

Carlino did as he was bid. The drawer in question was brimful of papers methodically arranged and tied up in bundles of various sizes. Two small pocket-pistols peeped from beneath some papers. Actuated by no distinct motive, for in his master's helpless condition all the weapons in Christendom might have lain by his side without the least danger of his using them, Carlino took the pistols out, and then carried the drawer to his master.

"Lay it on the bed here — there were two small pistols on the top, what have you done with them?"

"They seemed to me to want cleaning," said Carlino, "and so I took them away."

"Were you afraid that I should blow out my brains with them?" asked the Baron with a sinister look and laugh, both painful to hear and to see.

"Monsieur has a way of jesting which saddens me to death," said Carlino, with a touch of reproach in his voice.

"Well, well — don't find fault. I will sadden you no more. Now put your hand under that big bundle there, tied with pink ribbon, and you will find a small packet in blue paper — that's it, undo it."

Carlino unfolded the several blue covers of the packet, and came at last to a small phial full of brownish liquid. "Open it," said the Baron. Carlino removed the glass stopper with some difficulty, and immediately recognized the smell of opium, with which his experience at Acqui had made him familiar.

"It is laudanum!" he exclaimed.

"Indeed!" said the Baron; "let me see if you are right, bring it nearer. I don't smell it yet — raise my head higher — now let me smell it," and the moment the open phial was on a level with his mouth, he made a snatch at it with his teeth.

"Oh! Saints of Paradise," exclaimed the horrified Carlino, drawing the bottle back in time, "he wants to kill himself!"

"And so I will and shall!" cried the Baron, in a burst of fury. "Give me the bottle, I tell you; I command you to give it to me this instant. If you don't I will starve myself." Then, after a pause, he resumed in a more pacific tone, "Listen to me, Carlino. You see that bundle of papers under which lay the phial. Those papers are Piedmontese bonds, worth thirty thousand francs; take them, put them in your pocket, they are yours, but let me have the bottle."

"Oh, sir," cried Carlino, in a tone impossible to convey; "oh, sir, I have not deserved this from you!" and trembling from head to foot he fell on a chair half fainting, and hiding his face in his hands, began to cry desperately.

The Baron watched Carlino with a look of inexpressible fondness till his eyes also filled, and tears rolled fast and thick down his wan cheeks. It would have been difficult to decide which of the two actors in this heart-rending scene was the most to be pitied. At last the Baron said, said it most softly, "Forgive me, Carlino, I didn't know what I said. It was wrong of me to try to bribe you into doing what I ought only to expect from your affection for me, from your good sense, from your pity. It is to these I now appeal. Reflect on my state, my good Carlino, my best friend. Was there ever a more unhappy, a more hopeless one? I am a living corpse shut up already in a coffin — a burden to myself and others, debarred not only from all the pleasures of life, from all that makes it worth having, but from what is indispensable to make existence tolerable. Most of its ordinary functions are taken from me. I am as incapable of moving as a log, I cannot read without turning giddy, I cannot eat, I cannot sleep. My eyes and ears are, it is true, unimpaired, but of what use are either? My visible world, owing to my helplessness, is confined to the court-yard and garden of this house, and as for my hearing, it only serves me so far as to follow the squabbles of the grooms below. Is such a life, if it can be called life, worth keeping? But even these are not all my miseries — amid so many disabilities, there survives within me, fresh and whole, a fatal capability for suffering, for unlimited suffering. God is my witness that I have borne it as long as was bearable, but it is so no longer. The mere thought of another such fit of pain as my last at Divonne maddens me. Now I put it to you, Carlino, had you

a dog in the state I have just described, would you not in common humanity put him out of his suffering?"

"But a dog has no soul to be saved, and you have — think of that, my dear master," objected Carlino.

"God Almighty will have mercy on my soul," retorted the Baron. "God Almighty, who bestowed on the camel the instinct by which it throws off its burden when too heavy, cannot punish me for not bearing what is unbearable, for not doing what is impossible. Self-preservation is the natural law of our being, but where that law ceases to operate, there is an end of all responsibility, there begins the right to do away with oneself. Don't you see this? It is self-evident."

"Listen to me, my dear master," said Carlino, falling on his knees by the bedside, and speaking with solemn earnestness. "You are a gentleman of education and learning, and speak like one. I am only a poor ignorant peasant, therefore unfit to argue with you. I can only go by what I have been taught, and beginning with the good priest who taught me my catechism, down to my late master, who was a very clever and pious man, I have always been warned that for a man to kill himself is a mortal sin, that the Church refuses her prayers and Christian burial to such as have done so, and that they go straight to hell, where a great countryman of mine, privileged by God to journey through hell, purgatory, and paradise while yet alive, saw them with his own eyes, and left on record what he saw in a famous book, that my late master was never tired of reading over and over again. Believing all this as I do, how can Monsieur expect that I should help him to his eternal perdition? But even if I did not believe what I have been taught, even if supposing Monsieur could persuade me, how could I, loving Monsieur as I do, ever take a part in killing him?"

"And so, out of mistaken affection, you condemn me to die by a slow fire, inch by inch? I had hoped better things from your attachment. It would be better if you hated me, since your attachment stands in the way of my deliverance."

"In the name of all that is holy, my dear master, make an effort, and try to get rid of these unnatural ideas. They come from the devil. Prayer will conjure them away. Let us pray, Monsieur," and Carlino crossed himself and began to recite the Paternoster.

"Spare me your mummery and your presence," interrupted the Baron, "I would rather be alone."

"Will Monsieur not get up?"

"No, no; go."

Carlino went to cry his eyes out in the kitchen, by the side of the scarcely less distressed Mademoiselle Victorine.

We owe the reader a word of elucidation. Baron Gaston, we have stated it before, had formed the resolution not to survive the loss of all hope of recovery. Looking forward to this dread possibility, he had long previously loaded to the muzzle the pair of pocket-pistols which we have discovered in one of the drawers of his escritoir. It was only at a later period that the fear had crossed his mind that his hands might get so far worse as to disable him from pulling the trigger of a pistol. Then he had thought of secreting the small phial of laudanum in question, as offering more facility for the accomplishment of his design than any weapon. Small doses of opium, either as a sedative for his pains or as a soporific, had been frequently administered to him since his accident.

It is painful to have to say that the Baron's resentment against Carlino proved both bitter and lasting. It oozed out of his sullen silence, of his angry looks, of his sharp monosyllables. All his former liking for his faithful servant had been replaced by dislike. It seemed at times as if the mere sight of that good-natured face was too much for him. "What necessity is there for your mounting guard over me all day?" would he suddenly say. "Have you nothing to do elsewhere? Are you afraid that I should profit by your absence, to throw myself out of window?" And the moment Carlino had turned his back, he called after him, reproaching him with never being at hand. The poor man took a mischievous pleasure in crossing and finding fault with his servant. Whatever Carlino proposed, no matter what, were it only the opening or shutting of a window, the Baron was sure to say "No." If Carlino hazarded a gentle remonstrance, he was denounced as a tyrant; if he protested his attachment, and called God to witness that he would willingly bear half his master's cross, he was convicted of hypocrisy. Forsooth, it was easy to make fine speeches, when they pledged you to nothing! Even Carlino's buoyancy and sanguineness of disposition — and they were not what they had been — were not proof against this incessant persecution. He lived literally on tears; his sleep and appetite were gone. This terrible phase of his master's temper left such an indelible impression on the poor fellow's mind that, even in after years, he could not allude to it, or even think of it,

without shuddering. The trial, thank God, was not long.

Monsieur de Kerdiat awoke one morning as if from a nightmare—awoke quite another man from the one of the day before. The first words he said to Carlino were, "Are you not yet tired of lavishing so much care on a brute like me?"

"Oh, how can Monsieur say such things?"

"I am wrong; brutes behave themselves better. I have seen even wild beasts show some gratitude to the one who fed them. Can you forgive me, Carlino?"

Carlino could say neither yes nor no, for the tears that suffocated him.

"My only excuse," continued the Baron, "is that I did not know what I was doing. Really at times I am not responsible for what I say or do. I have followed your advice, my good Carlino—I have prayed. I have tried hard many a time without result, but I have succeeded at last. Prayer has cleared my disordered intellect, has softened my proud, hard heart. I never knew before what a blessing, what a power resides in prayer. I understand now what impious, what criminal things I have asked of you. I see and feel how right you were in refusing to listen to me. You have been my guardian angel, Carlino. It is useless to try and stop me; I will speak out what I have at heart to say. If I die like a man and a Christian, as I am resolved to do, I shall owe it to you. Henceforward you shall guide me; I resign my will into your hands. You know, far better than I do, what is good for me and what is not! From this moment you are no longer to ask me if I will do this or that, but simply to say, 'Do this or that'—do you promise?"

"Why, if I do, Monsieur," replied Carlino, smiling through his tears, "we shall, I am sure, make a great mess of it; for if ever there was a man born to obey and not to command, that man is Monsieur's humble servant."

"Well," counterargued the Baron, with a smile in return, "if you are born to obey, then I command you to tell me always what I am to do, and you cannot go against my command."

"I must do my best," said Carlino. "Suppose Monsieur was to take his breakfast, and then get up?"

Both these operations being concluded, so long and laborious that of the dressing, that it had to be followed by an hour of complete repose, Carlino further proposed a visit to the cook, "a member of Monsieur's establishment, whom Monsieur had

never taken any notice of," and on the Baron agreeing both to the accusation and to the proposal, he was wheeled into the kitchen, where he had a good long chat with Victorine, apologizing to her for not having seen her before, and thanking her for all the good things she had concocted for him. "I wish to see more of you," said the Baron, as he was wheeled away, "nay, I shall like to have a chat with you whenever you have any spare time."

To see him look so kindly, to hear him speak so gently, after those three interminable weeks of angry, gloomy silence, it was scarcely possible to believe that it was the same man. Carlino was half-crazy with joy, and hardly knew what he was about; so much so, indeed, that a few hours later, while arranging his own room, when he took out of its case, and, according to custom, rubbed his harmonica till it shone like gold, he so far forgot himself as to put it to his lips, and sent forth a wave of sound. It was the first time he had done this since resuming his service with the Baron. The sound half scared him. He felt the blood mount to his face, hastily shut up the instrument, and returned to his master in the study.

"Did you hear the music?" asked the Baron.

"I did sir," faltered Carlino; "I hope it did not disturb you?"

"On the contrary, it pleased me; it was only a simple chord, but sweet and melancholy. It made me think of the æolian harps in the old castle at Baden. What could it be?"

"If Monsieur is curious to know," replied Carlino smiling, "I can introduce him both to the instrument and the performer;" and running to his room, he came back with the harmonica, and held it up before the Baron—an oblong square, of the shape of a comb, the size of a small woman's hand, with twelve holes on each side of the breadth of it.

"Pleasanter to the ears than to the eyes," said the Baron, looking at it, "to be compared to a fine soul in a 'plain body.'"

Carlino played on it, and very cleverly, a Piedmontese air which pleased his master, but not half so much so as had done the simple chords with the long faint echoes which had struck home to his heart.

"So I have a musician in my service, and knew nothing of it. How was it that I never heard you play before?"

"I was not sure it would be agreeable to Monsieur."

"I understand—your master's temper was not the most encouraging to music.

But I have turned over a new leaf, you know, and for the future, I shall be much obliged to you if you will give me the benefit of your harmonica whenever you feel so inclined. Have you had it long?"

"According to my reckoning, about fourteen years."

"Fourteen years count for something at your age. You must have been very young when you got it?"

"I was not quite eleven years old. I found it on the road between Aosta and Biella."

"You excite my curiosity: tell me all about it," said the Baron.

"Well, then," said Carlino, "I must begin by telling Monsieur how it was that we had to leave Bovino, and go to Aosta. We were five in family—father, mother, a girl, a boy, and I. Little Annette, the youngest, had died when only eleven months old. My father was a muleteer, and went thrice a week to and from Biella, with his two mules. There was at that time no carriage road between Bovino and Biella. My sister, the eldest of us, and my brother, the second eldest, were employed at the cloth-mill. Ours was, and still is, a cloth-manufacturing district, and the most of our young people flocked for employment to the factory—a huge, naked building, all honeycombed with small windows, which stands at the end of the village, looking towards Biella. My occupation was to lead to pasture our two goats, and to take care of them otherwise. I suppose I was very young, or very small of my age, for I was not as tall as the goats. I was bid to keep them on a narrow strip of common, which bordered the road right and left, and on no account to let them stray beyond. I held to my orders, and executed them to the letter. If Monsieur had seen me, as I remember myself, a small, bareheaded, barefooted urchin, in a shirt and trousers too short even for me, held up only by one brace—if Monsieur had seen me in this accoutrement skipping after my goats, stick in hand, all day long, giving them and myself no rest, I am sure Monsieur would have warned me against zeal. Yes, zeal was my strength, or my weakness, as early as that, and will remain so to the end of the chapter. But I weary Monsieur —"

"Not at all, go on, you amuse me," said the Baron.

Carlino went on. "I remember the time when we were a happy, and, to all appearance, a prosperous family, when my mother used to sing all day, like a lark, at her work, when, on week-days, there was al-

ways plenty of maize bread and minestra, and on Sundays a dish of salt pork and white bread was sure to be on the table—and when I had a nice suit of fustian and a good pair of shoes to go to mass in. But on a sudden all this changed; my mother continued to work, but sung no more, the salt pork and the white bread became things of the past, my nice suit of fustian went to tatters, my shoes fell off my feet with old age, and no new ones came to replace them. I know but vaguely the cause of this change. My father was an enterprising man, and fond of speculations, and having no capital he had to borrow money and to sign bills, which he could not take up. In short, we were ruined, and one fine day there was an execution in our house, and the house itself and all that was in it was knocked down to the best bidder; and then it was that my father, who was also a mason, made up his mind to go to Aosta, where he knew that workmen were needed for the building of some houses. My mother and I were to go with him, but not so my brother and sister, whose earnings at the cloth-mill were sufficient to keep them. They had been, however, so unhappy at the factory, their life there, ever since our misfortune, had been so full of humiliations, especially for my brother, that they begged hard to be allowed to join us, and they ended by getting my father to agree that they should go with us to Aosta. I must tell Monsieur that in our country to have one's house sold by law is looked upon as the height of disgrace. Most of the factory people shunned my sister; scarcely one of the girls would speak to my brother, not to mention the taunts and sneers which were their daily pittance. So the five of us went together to Aosta, on foot, of course, and found there well-paid employment for us all. I alone, for carrying sand and stones, earned as much as twenty sous a day; but as I was not strong, the sand and stones were too much for me, and I was soon on the sick list. I tried again and again, and always broke down. I was bitterly mortified; the more so as my father grumbled and scolded as though it had been my fault. I did nothing but cry. He had grown hard and stern to every one of us since he had become poor.

"He said one day, 'We cannot keep this boy here doing nothing while we work like cart-horses; he must go back to Bovino and try his chance at the factory. At his age his brother gained ten sous a day.' My mother prayed that I might remain a little longer, because of my weakness, but she prayed to no purpose. So one day, or rather one night, for it was at two in the

morning, I was sent off. By making me start so early they had reckoned that I could reach Bovino on the morrow before night-fall. According to my father's directions, I was to apply to Giromé, a poor old neighbour of ours, for help and advice. Giromé had always been friendly to us, and had a son employed at the mill. I had also a letter from my sister to one of the best hands there, the one who was to be my brother-in-law, who had spoken to her for two years past. We say in our parts when a young man courts a girl that he speaks to her.

"It was in the month of July that I set out on my solitary journey — the moon was nearly full, the night as clear as day. My mother went with me a little way, then kissed me in a hurry (I guessed that she was afraid of my father), bade me be of good heart, put into my hand a little paper parcel, and was gone. There were in the packet three *mutte*, coins of the value of eight sous each — all her savings, I am sure. I never felt so miserable and lonely in my life as when she left me. I cried as though my heart would break. I was also stung by a feeling of shame, that I could not earn my bread as well as my brother and sister; but, in spite of my tears and my mortification, I kept on at a good pace. It might have been still a quicker one but for my old tattered shoes, one or other of which I was always losing; so, at last I took them off, and walked barefooted. At first it was quite a comfort, but here and there the road was so rough, so covered with stones, that after a while my feet got sore, and I had to put the shoes on again. It was a weary journey in every way. I stopped several times to rest and eat a bit of the maize bread I had in my pocket. I longed to sleep, but I dared not give way for fear of not getting to Bovino before night, so I did my best to resist the temptation. But when the sun rose high in the sky, and the midday heat was great, I suspect I must have taken a dozen now and then, but only short ones.

"My anxiety to arrive before dark stood me in lieu of an alarm watch, and so on I trudged as well as I could, until my knees became so stiff that it was a serious affair to bend them; and I began to dread that I should not reach Bovino at all. My feet also were swollen, and blistered, and burning, and ached to such a degree that at last I could not bear it, and threw myself down under a tree by the roadside, and took off what remained of my shoes to cool my feet in the grass. As I did this, my right foot struck against something, which I saw was not a stone. I sat up and looked to see what this obstacle might be, and I found this

harmonica in its case. I took it out. I had never seen anything of the kind before, nor, of course, did I know its name. I examined it narrowly, and perceiving the holes, instinctively put it to my lips. Oh! Monsieur, I can't tell you how transported I was with the sound I produced; it seemed to me as if somebody was speaking to me words of soothing and encouragement. I tried it again and again, and made it sound better and better. I no longer felt alone. I forgot my fatigue, though I had to remember it again when, after a long halt, I got up and strove to set forward once more. However, I found that walking was out of the question. Stand up I could, but not make one step forward; my knees wouldn't bend. I lay down again, and considered what I had best do. Consideration was of little use; if I could not move I must stay where I was till I could. So I rolled up my jacket, laid my head upon it, and fell asleep.

"I was roused by a voice calling to me. A gentleman on horseback had stopped in front of me. I must have slept long, for I felt quite refreshed, but my legs — in my bewilderment I had jumped up — my legs were as stiff and weak as ever. My head was so full of my newly-found treasure, that my first thought was that this gentleman must be the owner of it, and that he had come to ask for it. So I took it out of my pocket, and, showing it, said 'Is this thing yours?'

"No, how did you come by it?"

"I found it lying here," said I, pointing to the spot. 'May I keep it?'

"Of course you may, if the rightful owner does not claim it. You must have come some distance, to judge from your feet.' I told him from whence I came, and where I was going, which led to further questions and answers, at the end of which the gentleman on horseback must have known as much about my affairs and those of my family as I did myself. 'I'm going to give you a lift to Bovino,' said the gentleman; 'can you manage to jump up to me?' I tried, but utterly failed; my knees were still too stiff. Seeing which he dismounted, lifted me on to the front of the saddle, then got up again himself, passed his arm round my waist, and away we started at a good canter. I was not a bit afraid, having ridden my father's mules many a time. We reached Bovino after dusk. I slipped off the horse in front of Giromé's cottage and thanked my benefactor to the best of my powers. He told me to stop a minute, wrote something in his pocket-book, tore out the leaf, and gave it to me, saying, 'Take that to the foreman of the cloth-mill, but I advise you to wash

yourself well before you go to him, because you are very dirty, my poor boy.' And upon this he galloped away. I was indeed very dirty, and very much ashamed I was at his remark."

"The gentleman on horseback," said the Baron, "I guess was afterwards your master?"

"He was indeed, but I did not find out who he was until a week later, when he came to the factory. He stood by me some time watching me work — I was preparing spindles, the A B C of the craft — he praised my diligence, and desired me to go to his house at Biella the following Sunday. Of course I did not fail to do so. He seemed to like to hear me chatter in my childish way; he questioned me a good deal, among other things he inquired if I could read, and on my answering in the negative, said I ought to learn, and must do so. Meanwhile, I was living at Giromé's, taking my meals there and sleeping in the hayloft, and I made great friends with Giromé's son, a lad of fourteen, who knew how to read and write, and he volunteered to teach me. I was very proud on my next Sunday's visit to Signor Colletta, to show him that I knew my letters; he was much pleased at this, made me repeat them over and over again, and, in fact, became in some measure my teacher. At the end of a year I could read and write tolerably. I had also made some proficiency in my trade, and earned as much as fifteen sous a day. With that I could not only pay for my meals and washing at Giromé's, which I had been able to do for the last three-quarters of a year, but also put by something. I had nothing to pay for lodging, as I continued to sleep in the hayloft, and as for clothes and linen, my kind protector had given me plenty of both, which Giromé's wife cut down to my size.

"As I grew older and cleverer, Signor Colletta seemed to take to me more and more. He would often speak confidentially to me, say, for instance, that he was weary to death of the cloth-mill and the cares it entailed upon him. In fact, he had not been bred up to be a man of business — the factory had devolved upon him quite unexpectedly through the sudden death of an elder brother. He was a man of studious and retired habits — a downright well of learning — always reading and talking about politics (all the liberals of the province looked up to him as their chief), and then so good and considerate. His patience with Marco, his deaf gruff servant, was truly angelic; and I was very often quite angry at Marco's want of attention and rough ways to his master. What would I not

have given to be in Marco's place, to make the good Signor as comfortable as I could, and show him my gratitude for all he had done for me! This became my one wish, and grew with my growth.

"At last it was realized. Marco fell seriously ill, and Signor Colletta took me into the house. I nursed Marco, and did his work for more than a month. At last Marco recovered to a certain degree, but was too broken down to resume his service. Then it was that Signor Colletta, having handsomely provided for the old man, proposed to me to take Marco's place, and I need not tell Monsieur how happy I was to do so. I was just seventeen. At about the same time my master made over the management of the mill to his younger brother, the one who sent me to Paris. In 1847, the year of the Statuto, Signor Colletta was elected a Deputy, and I went with him when he went to Turin, to take his seat in the chamber of Deputies. Two years later he was made Prefect at Chambery, and . . . Monsieur knows the rest."

"And what became of the rest of your family?" asked the Baron.

"After a little more than a year's absence, my brother and sister went back to Bovino, and both resumed work at the mill. Some short time later my sister married the young workman who had courted her. My brother was taken by the conscription and became a soldier. My father settled at Aosta, opened a wine-shop, which proved a failure in the end, took to the mason's trade again, fell from a scaffolding, and was killed on the spot. My mother returned to Bovino, and lived with her daughter and son-in-law till 1849, when she went to Novara to nurse my poor brother, who had been badly wounded in the battle of that name and was lying in the hospital. She came back to Bovino after his death, took to her bed, and in a very few days died. My sister and I are the only ones left of the family."

CHAPTER VII.

THIS day marked the beginning of a new era in the Baron's household. He never swerved for a moment from the programme which he had laid down for himself. His meekness and his serenity, even under acute suffering, never belied themselves. Let us hasten to add that God, in his mercy, was pleased to temper the wind to the shorn lamb; his fits of pain now occurred but seldom, and were as nothing in comparison to that dreadful attack at Divonne, the mere remembrance of which made Carlino's hair stand on end. The Baron, Carlino, and Victorine lived more like friends, or better

still, more like members of the same family, than as master and servants, and a more united family it would not be easy to meet.

Little by little, the result of a gentle and continued pressure from Monsieur, it had become an established habit that Victorine, whenever unoccupied, should go and join her master in the study, his favourite room, and that, whether spoken to or not, there she should remain, an integrant part of the family circle, to which indeed she brought a precious accession of practical good sense and of keen observation. The long winter evenings, from six to nine, the Baron's hour for retiring, they as a rule spent together. Carlino or Victorine read aloud the evening newspapers and discussed the news; the Baron, if disposed, took a share in the conversation, and if not so inclined, bade them talk as if he were not present, contenting himself with listening. Then Carlino and Victorine occasionally played a game at cards or draughts, the various phases of which the invalid would follow with interest. At rare intervals, for continued talking fatigued him, he would relate to them some passages of his soldier's life in Africa. As nine struck, Carlino would take up his harmonica and sound the retreat, when Victorine disappeared, and Carlino wheeled his master into the bedroom.

Thus the first half of the winter wore on, monotonous, indeed, nay, often dull — how could it be otherwise? — but exempt from storms. About this time there arose a difficulty touching a certain payment which fell due to the Baron, and for which a receipt was demanded, that the poor gentleman was incapable of giving. Whereupon he sent for a notary and directed him to draw up a power of attorney, authorizing Carlino to receive and give receipts for all rents, dividends, and moneys whatever appertaining to the Baron. This transaction brought to light the fact that the name Carlino, which every one who knew him, his master included, supposed to be a surname, was merely the diminutive of his Christian name Carlo, that of his family being Benvenuti. From this day Carlino received and made payments, kept the money and all the keys, and such was the Baron's implicit confidence in his servant's fidelity, that he was with difficulty persuaded to cast a cursory glance over the accounts which every week Carlino submitted to his inspection.

On the morning of the day following that in which the power of attorney had been drawn up, the Baron said, while being dressed, "I think I ought to make my will; what do you say?"

"It is the sight of the notary which has

put that into Monsieur's head," returned Carlino; "why, there is no reason against doing so. My late master used to say that all rational beings, with property to dispose of, ought to make their wills at five-and-twenty; but of course, only if Monsieur has a wish to do so, for, thank God, there is no occasion for any hurry." Carlino was prompted to add this reservation by a shade of vexation which he had noticed, or fancied pass over his master's countenance. A long and close observation had given Carlino a keen perception of all the varieties of his master's feelings.

"You are mistaken," said the Baron, "if you suppose that the idea of making my will has anything unpleasant for me. If I could only believe, with many superstitious people, that doing so brings ill luck, as they say, I should seize on this chance of hastening my deliverance, and send for the notary at once. No; what perplexes me is that I have not yet settled in my mind how I shall dispose of my property."

"That is quite another matter," remarked Carlino, "and Monsieur can think, for nothing presses."

The Baron looked thoughtful throughout the whole day. He said suddenly that evening, when Carlino was putting him to bed, "You had a sister, had you not?"

"Yes, thank God, and still have her," answered Carlino.

"Then you are on friendly terms with her?"

"Friendly terms!" repeated Carlino, astonished; "surely, like brother and sister. I cannot say anything better."

"She is good?"

"As good as gold — excellent."

"You have never quarrelled with each other!"

"Never; we never had any reason for quarrelling. I cannot imagine any cause she could have given me, or I her."

"She is married, is she?"

"Yes, and has five children — three girls and two boys," said Carlino.

"Suppose she had married against your will?"

"It could not have happened, because, if she had persisted, I should have given way."

"Even if she had married a scamp?"

"My sister is not the sort of woman to marry a scamp, Monsieur."

"But supposing she had, what would you have done?"

"Well," said Carlino, after a little thought, "supposing she had — I would have put up with it all the same, because I should have said to myself, as she has got

this scamp, more need for me to help her and be kind to her."

"And suppose you had property to leave?"

"Why, if I had no wife nor children of my own, I should leave it to her and her children."

"In short, however badly your sister had behaved, you would never have found it in your heart to be angry with her?"

"I believe not," said Carlino.

The Baron mused a little, then said, "I wish I could feel as you do, Carlino. Yours, I have no doubt, is the right sort of feeling, but — You are a noble-hearted fellow. I respect you."

After this the subject was never mooted again between them, but the sequel will soon show that the Baron argued the point with himself in the silence of his thoughts.

The beginning of spring coincided with an event which, much as it interested the public in general, was fraught with a still greater interest for our invalid. The section of railroad between Culoz and Chambéry was opened, and thus the line of railway was uninterrupted between Chambéry and Paris. The Baron's castle was therefore no longer inaccessible to him, for the few miles intervening between Chambéry and the castle could be easily managed in a carriage. This enlargement of horizon, this unique chance of change was grasped at by the Baron with an eagerness, of which only a prisoner in a dungeon can form a somewhat adequate idea. The castle and everything connected with it, the mountains, the woods, the vines, his morbidly excited fancy invested with a poetic halo, which cast some of its rays even upon the remembrance of the old Vidame's anything but poetic figure. The mere thought of the gathering of the grapes, at which he had been present only two years ago, and had viewed with the most perfect indifference, save as to the quantity and quality of wine the vintage might produce, now brought tears to his eyes.

Carlino, to whom he immediately appealed, entered heart and soul into his master's wishes and anticipations, too happy that his thoughts should have a bright spot to alight and settle upon. "Down there," observed Carlino, "we shall have none of those thumps and shocks, which make the house tremble, and startle one out of one's sleep." To understand the force of this remark of Carlino's, it is necessary to bear in mind, that at the time he was speaking, the spring of 1856, there was already in full operation that systematic turning of Paris upside down, of which none to this day can fore-

see the end, and one of the least inconveniences of which was the exasperating awful noise created by the carting of building materials at every hour of the day and of the night. To this cause, though certainly not the only one, the Baron attributed the broken sleep from which he had suffered of late.

It was accordingly settled that he should leave Paris as soon as the hot weather set in, earlier if possible, certainly not later than the first week of June. Carlino in the meantime was to see to the packing of the furniture and movables, it being the Baron's intention to give up his apartments, and quit Paris for good and all. All these arrangements were decided on *seance tenante*, that is, in the half-hour following the first mention of the change contemplated by the Baron. Victorine therefore knew nothing and could know nothing of the new projects. The Baron and Carlino had both of them taken it for granted that she would, as a matter of course, go with them. They had, however, reckoned without their host. No sooner did Carlino break the news to her than he perceived by her change of colour how unwelcome it was. How could she possibly forsake her old and infirm mother? It was out of the question. Carlino had not thought of this, and admitted the force of the objection. Here was a sad complication which, if known to the Baron, would throw a damp on all his pleasure. What was to be done? At all events they must keep the truth from him for the present. Therefore it was agreed between them that Victorine should speak and act as though her being one of the party were an understood thing — then, when the moment of starting arrived, she must allege a sudden illness of her mother's, which forced her to remain behind for a few days. Thus time would be gained until Carlino should find a favourable opportunity for informing his master of the real state of the case. With what a heavy heart poor Carlino contrived this pious fraud, those who have observed his brotherly affection for Victorine, and the great assistance she had been to him in the care of his master, can easily guess.

April and May went by quick as lightning to Victorine's sad fore-knowledge, slow as a snail's pace to the Baron's impatience. The bulk of the furniture had been sent off a week ago; the weather was bright and warm as could be desired; in fact nothing more remained to do but to name the day of departure, and to bespeak a bed-carriage, and at last this also was done. Early on the second of June — they were to start at eight in the evening — Victorine

was summoned to her mother's bed-side, such at least was the explanation given by Carlino to the Baron — an explanation confirmed in the course of the day by a letter from Victorine. She wrote that there was nothing serious in her mother's illness, but that such as it was it rendered it impossible for her to start just now. She begged Carlino to excuse her to her master, and to say that she hoped to join them in a few days at the castle. This assurance went far to lessen the Baron's disappointment.

At a little before six all the preparations were completed, and the herculean labour began. We have not the heart to dwell on the increase of infirmity and helplessness, which rendered the handling of the unfortunate gentleman a far more arduous task than on the previous occasion. He was besides much agitated at leaving Paris, and his home of many years, leaving them for ever, and the staring of all his neighbours was little calculated to allay that agitation. At last it was over, and he lay stretched on his travelling couch, panting, worn out already before starting. The wind created by the rush of the train revived him a little; but it soon became too much for him, and he complained of cold. The motion of the carriage harassed and made him restless; he had continually to beg that his posture might be changed. From Dijon to Macon the engine tore on at a furious, maddening pace, probably to make up for lost time — the train jerked from side to side as though striving to escape from the rails, and each jerk wrenched a groan of pain from the invalid. It was as if all his bones were being broken. Poor Carlino, half-wild with terror, but not the less self-possessed and indefatigable, never ceased administering cordials to his master, together with all the gentle words of cheering and consolation, that his long experience and his deep attachment could suggest, bitterly reproaching himself all the while for not having insisted on a physician being consulted before this journey had been undertaken.

By the time they reached Culoz the Baron was reduced to such a state of weakness as almost took away his power of speech, and it required a great effort for him to say to Carlino, during a few minutes' halt, "If we reach Chambéry . . . in safety, send for a notary directly — my uncle's notary, M. Gibrat, to make my will. Do you promise?"

Carlino said he would send for M. Gibrat as soon as the Baron had had some rest, and was fit for business.

"No, no," insisted the Baron, "the notary first. I can have no rest till my will is

made. God grant me time for that, or I shall die in despair."

"Monsieur's orders shall be obeyed; but Monsieur must not talk of dying," said Carlino, in the gentle tone of a mother chiding a wayward child. "A strong man like Monsieur does not die for so little. Monsieur wants rest, and must and shall have it, and then Monsieur will be himself again in no time. It is Carlino who says it, and knows it;" and as he thus spoke he wiped — oh, so tenderly — his master's forehead and face, all moist with drops of agony.

"Faithful heart!" murmured the sufferer. "Lay your hand on my head: it does me good."

As Carlino did so, the Baron closed his eyes, and gradually the muscles of his countenance relaxed. He no longer complained — nay, had, to all appearance, some snatches of sleep. Had the hand on his head anything to do with this interval of calm? Does such a thing as magnetic power, a mysterious physical influence of man over man, really exist? Many of those who have watched long by the sick-bed of one dearly loved, will answer in the affirmative. Carlino, be it remembered, at the time of his second journey to Paris, had found the Baron in a sharp fit of pain, and his presence had sufficed to cut it short. Be this as it may, Chambéry was reached without much further discomfort.

"The notary, remember!" whispered the Baron, as he opened his eyes.

Madame Ferrollet, informed beforehand of the day and hour of their arrival, was waiting at the terminus with a carriage full of pillows and warm coverings, and with the whole of her household in attendance. Carlino went to her and explained, in as few words as possible, the state of the case, and the urgent necessity for a notary and a physician. Madame Ferrollet sent off one of her servants in search of M. Gibrat, and of the first medical man of the town; then, approaching the carriage where the Baron lay, welcomed him to Chambéry and her house, begging him at the same time not to tire himself by answering her. Carlino and the servants of Madame Ferrollet carefully raised the Baron in their arms and gently transferred him to the carriage; but such was his exhaustion that, in spite of all their care and gentleness, he fainted away. Bent double and unconscious, an object of pity to all lookers on, Baron Gaston de Kerdiat was carried through the gate of the Hôtel de l'Europe, that gate which of yore he had so often passed, full of life and strength, stiff, haughty, almost threatening. No one who had known him at that

time could have identified in the shrunken, aged looking form of to-day the powerfully built man in the prime of manhood of two years ago.

Madame Ferrollet had got ready for her guest two rooms on the ground-floor, her own two rooms, and thither he was carried, put into a warm bed, rubbed with hot flannels, supplied, in short, with all the restoratives that art can devise. After ten minutes, or so, these efforts were successful; he heaved a deep sigh, opened his eyes, gazed around with a scared look, which changed to one of satisfaction the moment he caught sight of the familiar face of his uncle's notary. "Ah, Monsieur Giblat!" he gasped forth, in a voice scarcely audible, "Thank God!"

"Monsieur," here interposed a gentleman in black, who all this while had been examining the sick man's pulse, "Monsieur, we shall leave you with Monsieur Giblat as soon as you have swallowed a potion which I have prescribed, and which is being prepared for you. I can assure you there is no cause for alarm, you are merely exhausted by your journey, and want nothing but rest and nourishment."

"Thank you," said the Baron, and his eyes just then meeting those of Madame Ferrollet, he added, "Dear Madame, how can I ever enough apologize for the trouble I am giving you? God bless you! It is my sad privilege to reap nothing but kindness where I sowed only harshness."

Two big tears that rolled down her cheeks were all the answer that the good lady could make. The kind doctor here saw fit to interfere. "Allow me to warn you, my dear sir, against giving way to emotion; it tends to weaken you. Madame Ferrollet will not contradict me when I say that she is but too happy to be of some service to an old and honoured customer of her house, and we are all of us happy to be of use to you. Here comes my potion, my elixir of long life, I call it; drink it, sir, and you will wonder at the feeling of comfort which will afterwards pervade your being."

The Baron drank it. "Now," added the doctor, "we will leave you to a *tele-à-tele* with your notary," and he left the room, followed by all excepting M. Giblat and Carlino. Carlino looked inquiringly at his master, who in answer slightly nodded in the direction of the door, and Carlino went away.

The interview was short. At the end of twenty minutes M. Giblat came out of the room, and Carlino went in. "How does Monsieur feel?" asked he.

"Much better," replied the Baron; "that potion of the doctor's did me a great deal of good."

"God be thanked," said Carlino.

"I wish to explain to you," resumed the Baron, "why I banished you just now. I have put you down in my will for a trifle, and it would be contrary to law that you should witness my doing so."

Quickly rising tears filled Carlino's eyes; he said in a husky voice, "I hope Monsieur believes that what I do for him is out of deep love and duty, and not at all from any interested motives."

"I am fully convinced of your affection, my good Carlino. Service for hire differs widely from service for love."

Here there was a knock at the door, and Madame Ferrollet came in on tiptoe with a steaming cup in her hand. "Only a sprinkle of vermicelli in a cup of *consommé*, that I have made myself for you, Monsieur le Baron, will you try it?"

"Certainly," said the Baron; "all that comes from your hands must be good and welcome." She fed him with spoonful after spoonful of the *potage* till he had swallowed it all, wiped his mouth with a napkin, and then quietly withdrew. "Kind soul!" exclaimed the Baron; "I owe to my misfortune the discovery of mines of goodness and worth where I suspected none. Too late, alas! for me to act upon this newly acquired knowledge—too late!" He shut his eyes, and might have been thought asleep, but that the motion of his lips testified that he was praying.

Some time later M. Giblat returned, accompanied by a brother official, and followed by a string of witnesses. Carlino counted seven of them. He ushered them into his master's room, and retired. The writing out of the will took a little more than an hour. As the notaries and the witnesses passed through the ante-room where Carlino was waiting, M. Giblat accosted him, saying, "You are M. Carlino, the Baron de Kerdiat's confidential servant?"

"I am," replied Carlino.

"This, then, is for you," returned M. Giblat, handing him a paper. "It contains some of the last wishes of the Baron, of which he has desired that you should now have a copy. You are to break the seal only in the event of his death. Allow me at the same time," continued Mr. Giblat, in quite another tone, "to avail myself of this opportunity to express to you in my own name and that of my colleague, and all the gentlemen present, our respect for the unparalleled devotion you have displayed in Monsieur le Baron's service."

Carlino, red as a cock's comb up to the very roots of his hair, bowed low, and hastened to his master. He found him as white as the sheet which covered him, but with a placid face.

"I am so thankful to have been in time," he said. "Did Monsieur Giblat give you a paper?" Carlino made an affirmative sign. "All right. By-and-by I will tell you something that will give you pleasure. I require rest now, and you also, my poor Carlino."

"We will, please God, have a sound sleep, and not wake before to-morrow morning," rejoined Carlino, cheerfully; "but first Monsieur must take the drink that Madame Ferrollet is bringing him." The Baron did so, with many thanks to Madame. "Monsieur has no need to rouse himself," added Carlino, "when from time to time I give him a spoonful from the bottle. It is the same potion which has already done Monsieur so much good."

"I will swallow it as in a dream," said the Baron. Carlino brought in a mattress, placed it by the side of the bed, arranged his master's pillows and bed-clothes, closed the blinds, and then laid himself down. It was then six o'clock in the afternoon. The Baron slept, to all appearance soundly, and did but half wake when Carlino, in obedience to the doctor's prescription, every half hour put a spoonful of the cordial into his mouth. At a little after midnight the patient awoke fully, and said suddenly, "Carlino, did I ever tell you that I had a sister?"

"No, sir — is she dead?"

"She has been the same as dead to me for these last ten years. She married against my will, married a man for love, to whom I had an objection, and we have been strangers to each other ever since."

"Oh, what a misfortune!" said Carlino; "the man Monsieur's sister married was, then, a disreputable character?"

"No; everybody who knew him gave him a high character, as being clever and honest; but he was of another class from her, he was of low birth, the son of a farmer, and was himself only a village schoolmaster; and that is why I objected to him."

"But if he was clever and good, and likely to make the lady happy, it would not much matter, would it, Monsieur, whether he was lowly or highly born?" said Carlino, sagaciously nodding his head.

"I was very proud — proud of the race from which we sprung, and I considered a *mésalliance* as the greatest possible disgrace. Pride has been the bane of my life. In breaking off all intercourse with my sister, I believed I was only fulfilling a duty. I

began not to be quite so clear as to that after a conversation I had with you in reference to your sister. At that moment I was for the first time thinking of making my will, and debating with myself whether I should be justified in benefiting some stranger by the exclusion of my sister. In short, the seed you had sown in my mind during the conversation to which I allude, never ceased growing until it bore fruit. You will be glad to hear that in the will I have made to-day, I have left my sister the bulk of my fortune — a result for which she may well be thankful to you."

"Rather say to Monsieur's just and kind heart," exclaimed Carlino, with a gush of feeling. "And Monsieur forgives her?"

"I do fully," said Baron Gaston. "I stand more in need of her pardon than she of mine, for she was always kind to me while I was very harsh to her." And here he told Carlino of that most affectionate letter which he had received from his sister shortly after his accident, and of the scornful silence with which he had treated it.

"Reason the more," said Carlino, "why Monsieur should not lose a moment in acknowledging to her that he did wrong, and in sending her his love and blessing. What is the lady's name? Where does she live?"

"Her name is Madame Marie Moron, and her letter was dated from Le Mans."

"Shall I write and invite her to come to Monsieur at the Castle?"

"Not just now. I feel that the emotion of such a meeting would be too much for me."

"At all events, Monsieur will permit me to write to her an account of the conversation we have just had?"

"Yes, you may do so," said the Baron.

He looked rather drowsy, and his utterance had become somewhat thick and embarrassed; thereupon Carlino hid the night-light and begged his master to try and sleep again.

He tried, but with little success, as shown by the frequent mutterings to which he gave way, and the only distinct words that could be heard was the oft-repeated name of Divonne. Perhaps he was dreaming, and in that case it would be a pity to wake him. Carlino sat up, and listened long, much perplexed what to do, until his uneasiness got the better of his unwillingness to run the risk of interrupting his master's slumbers. He stood by the bed-side and asked, "Are you in pain, sir?"

"Quite the contrary," was the reply. "I have not felt so comfortable for a long while. I feel as light as a feather! What o'clock is it?"

"Nearly three in the morning."

"Suppose you order a carriage and let us start for the Castle at eight?"

"Certainly," said Carlino, humouring the Baron's notion. "We'll see the doctor though, first. Monsieur must have been dreaming about Divonne."

"So I was. A glorious place that Divonne! Do you remember that girl who could not even sit up? I wonder what has become of her."

"Let us hope that she is better," answered Carlino.

A long pause ensued.

"Where is your harmonica?" asked the Baron, all at once.

"I have it here, sir."

"Play on it a little, will you? It will put me to sleep."

Carlino took up his little instrument and played some chords.

"Delicious!" muttered the Baron. "It is like music from heaven. Sleep steals softly on me. Good night, Carlino."

"Good-night, dear master."

"And friend," prompted the Baron, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"And friend," repeated Carlino.

The incipient dawn was tinging with whitish grey the interstices of the bars of the closed blinds, and imparting to the air a pleasant freshness. It was that mysterious hour of universal appeasement, when even the anxious and the sick lay down their load for a while, and find rest. Carlino felt the influence of the hour, and though with reluctance, succumbed to it. He had not shut his eyes for the last forty-eight hours, and tired nature asserted her rights. He fell into profound sleep, which, however, did not last long, not so long as an hour. He awakened with a sense of remorse, as of one who had deserted his post. He raised himself first on his elbow, as was his wont, and listened. No sound whatever. He went to the bed, bent over his master's lips — no breath issued from them — he felt his forehead — cold as ice. Carlino rung the bell furiously to alarm the house. Every one hurried to the room, the doctor was sent for, everything was done that could be done to restore animation, but in vain. Baron Gaston de Kerdiat had laid down his burden for ever.

Carlino soon found out, to his great surprise, that of all the persons who had approached his master, he was the only one not prepared for this fatal result. The physician from the first had looked upon the Baron as dying — a too well-founded conclusion, of which, in his own justification, he

had made a mystery to no one, except to the faithful servant: we say in his own justification, for had the doctor perceived any the least glimpse of hope, he would have been inexcusable in allowing his patient to be fatigued by notaries and testamentary arrangements. Yet even the physician did not expect so rapid an end.

After the first uncontrollable burst of grief, Carlino bethought himself that there still remained duties for him to perform, and that to perform them properly he must be composed. His first care was to telegraph to Madame Moron, and to make himself acquainted with the contents of the paper confided to him by Monsieur Giblat. These were its contents: —

"When it shall please God to call me to Him, I beg of my faithful servant and dear friend, Carlo Benvenuti, to give me a last proof of attachment by never leaving my body until it is consigned to the earth.

"I wish to be buried in the Cemetery of Chambery, as near as possible to the grave of my uncle, the Vidame de Kerdiat. I wish the Church service in behalf of my soul, and also my funeral, to be of the simplest, nay, of the humblest. No *lettres de faire part*, no music, no pomp whatever, no epitaph, no inscription of name or rank, to mark the spot where my bones lie, nothing save a small cross of marble.

"On the day after my burial I wish two thousand francs to be distributed among the poor of the place where I shall have died.

"I recommend the strict accomplishment of these my last wishes to the known piety and affection of the above-named Carlo Benvenuti, my faithful servant and dear friend."

Carlino conformed strictly to the spirit and the letter of these directions. The only departure from them which he allowed, or rather had no control over it, was the great affluence of persons who followed the body to the cemetery. In the absence of Madame Moron, Carlino, as a matter of course, was chief mourner.

Monsieur and Madame Moron arrived on the day following the funeral. The telegram had missed them at Le Mans, which they had left ten months previously, and in following them to Amiens, their new abode, had lost a day. Carlino gave them a faithful account of the conversation which had passed between his master and himself in reference to Madame Moron — an account with what emotion received, I leave to the reader's heart to determine.

The opening of the deceased's will took place on the day week after the funeral. In the interval the Morons and Carlino had been much together, and had become quite

friends. The Baron left to his sister the whole of his fortune, save a sum of eighty thousand francs, nominal value, in Piedmontese bonds, bequeathed to Carlino. The clause containing this legacy was worded thus:—

"To my faithful servant, and dear friend, Carlo Benvenuti, to whose attachment and devotion I am indebted not only for all the physical and moral comfort of which my illness admitted, but also for much evil avoided, and for a little good done, I leave and bequeath for his sole use and benefit the sum of," &c., &c.

Carlino's legacy amounted to nearly the fourth part of the Baron's whole fortune.

Carlino had lost no time in letting Victorine know of his master's death, and now he wrote again to tell her of the Baron's liberality, adding—"I know from our late master's lips that it was his intention to provide for you in a permanent manner, and I am only acting up to his wishes and to my own conscience when I assure you that you will receive a thousand francs yearly so long as you live."

Writing on the same subject to Beata, his affianced bride, he said—"And so here we are possessors of a large fortune—large, I mean, in proportion to anything we could

ever have expected in the natural course of things, and we must put our heads together to find out what best to do with it. The money has come to us through suffering and sorrow, and it is but justice that some of it should return to the sorrowful and the suffering. I have often thought what a blessing it would be to our folks at Bovino if, instead of being packed off when sick to the hospital at Biella, a two hours' journey, they had a place to go in the village itself, where they could in the first instance receive some medical assistance—only a small place, a couple of beds to begin with. That surely would not cost much in our parts. Nurses we should not want—you and I would be more than enough. The great difficulty would be to find a good physician to help, but we may trust to God to help us. Think on it; I know you are willing."

The modest cross of marble being by this time laid on the Baron's resting-place, and the Morons gone to the Castle, nothing more remained for Carlino to do than to bid an affectionate farewell to Madame Ferrollet, and to all his other old and new friends, and to set off for his beloved country, where we wish him success in his benevolent scheme, and all manner of happiness.

THE END.

A NEW TROPICAL LANDSCAPE.

CHURCH'S JAMAICA.

THE gorgeous character of tropical scenery illustrated under the blended effect of storm and sunshine is the theme of a recent painting by Frederic E. Church, which was opened for a private view at the Goupil gallery yesterday afternoon. The scene of the landscape is on the fertile island of Jamaica, and presents a view of an interior district known as "St. Thomas in the Vale." The face of the country, as it spreads out before the beholder, and viewed as it is from an elevation, appears clothed, hill and dale alike, with the most luxuriant vegetation, bright flowers sparkling amid the masses of shrubbery and ferns, and running vines lending their picturesque and graceful forms to the enchantment of the scene. On the left of the canvas, drawn as if by inspiration, is a mass of drifting vapor, and through a rift in its centre the sunlight struggles for the mastery, tinging the weird storm-clouds with its radiating hues of golden color, and flashing over mountain and valley with a varied effect of surpassing brilliancy, and focalizing in one broad mass in the foreground. To the right a stream of water divides the landscape, and on either side the forests and plantations present the same intermin-

able phase of prolific vegetable life; until the eye, sated with the sea of living green, turns to the sky, and there realizing the impressive character of the phenomena of storm pictured on the left, seeks a repose among the pearly clouds which float on the opalescent vault of the more distant heavens. A tender effect of atmosphere pervades the view, and a masterly diffused feeling of light shines broadcast over the landscape, save where the storm rages. Mr. Church, in sending this picture out from his studio, says that it is a representative landscape, and locally faithful to the facts of nature as characterized in one of the most brilliant features and phases of Jamaica scenery. In the working-up of the picture the most conscientious care is apparent in every detail. In color it is possibly not so gorgeous as his "Heart of the Andes" and kindred works, not so quiet and subtle as "Damascus," and yet it inspires feelings of admiration for the unsensational beauty of its story, unequalled by any of his former efforts.

N. Y. Evening Post.

THE University of Vienna has decided to open its medical lectures to, and confer medical diplomas on, women.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
HYMN ON THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

It was remarked to me by a friend that he knew of no modern English Hymn on the Transfiguration—an incident of the Gospel narrative so remarkable in itself, so full of manifold instruction, and so frequently read in our Church Services, and which perhaps more fully than any other single scene contains the concentration of the main lessons of our Lord's Life on Earth.

There is none other which brings together so many characteristic points: the contrast and contact with the miseries of the world, the connexion with the choicest spirits of the Old and of the New Dispensation, the Ideal of human life, the near prospect of the Death and Passion, and the revelation of the Divine Will as the main purpose of the Advent.

It is certainly curious that no Hymn bearing on this subject is to be found in Sir Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise," nor in the "Christian Year." It is a remarkable instance of the tendency of Christian devotion to avoid the lessons to be derived from the general scenes of the Gospel narrative, just as the Mediæval pilgrimages omitted Capernaum and the Plain of Gennesareth.

In accordance with this suggestion, I have endeavoured (as in a Hymn written some years ago on the Ascension) to combine, as far as was possible, the various thoughts connected with the scene.

I.

"Master, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with Thee :"
Here, in an ampler, purer air,
Above the stir of toil and care,
Of hearts* distraught with doubt and grief,
Believing in their unbelief,
Calling Thy servants, all in vain,
To ease them of their bitter pain.

II.

"Master, it is good to be
Where rest the souls that talk with Thee :"
Where stand reveal'd to mortal gaze
Thy great old saints of other days;
Who once receiv'd on Horeb's height
Thet† eternal laws of truth and right;
Or‡ caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

III.

"Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three."

* Mark ix. 16-29.

† Mark ix. 4.

‡ Deut. v. 5.

§ 1 Kings xix. 12.

Here,* where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerv'd against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
"The thought that breathes, and word that
burns;"

Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With him whose last best creed is Love.

IV.

"Master, it is good to be
Entranc'd, enwrapt, alone with Thee;"
Watching the glistering raiment glow,
Whiter† than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant‡ with a light Divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace§
Gazing on that transfigur'd Face.

V.

"Master, it is good to be
In life's worst anguish close to Thee."
Within|| the overshadowing cloud,
Which wraps us in its awful shroud,
We¶ wist not what to think or say,
Our spirits sink in sore dismay;
They tell us** of the dread "Decease"—
But yet to linger here is peace.

VI.

"Master, it is good to be
Heret†† on the Holy Mount with Thee :"
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly Voice
That bids bewilder'd souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim—
"Thist‡‡ is my Son—O hear ye Him."

I have subsequently fallen in with another Hymn on the same subject, but from another point of view. I venture, with its gifted author's permission, to insert it, as supplying a phase of the wonderful scene which the plan of the Hymn, given above, could hardly admit.

"Stay, Master, stay, upon this heavenly hill;
A little longer let us linger still;
With these two mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide:
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

"Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses, come
and go;
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not
know:

* Mark ix. 2.

† Mark ix. 13.

‡ Matt. xvii. 2.

§ 2 Cor. iii. 15.

|| Luke ix. 34.

¶ Mark ix. 6.

** Luke ix. 31.

†† 2 Pet. i. 17.

‡‡ Matt. xvii. 5.

Wrapt in this cloud of light, we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow — eternally."

"No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past; we
go:
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of
prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there:
Here we sought God that we might know His
will:
There we must do it — serve Him — seek Him
still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.*

There is yet one other Hymn of earlier
days — which has its basis in the Transfig-
uration, but which is in fact only another
form of the "Elegy in a Country Church-
yard." It is the "Lines written" by Her-
bert Knowles "in Richmond Churchyard,
Yorkshire;" — the beautiful cemetery which
hangs on the slope of the hill under the
parish church, overlooking the Swale. I
give the first and last stanzas.

Methinks it is good to be here;
If Thou wilt, let us build — but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the
tomb.

The first Tabernacle to Hope we will build
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith which ensures it ful-
filled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He
rose from the skies.

There are five Latin Hymns on the Trans-
figuration, given in Daniel's "Thesaurus
Hymnologicus," vol. v. pp. 288—290, Nos.
566—570. Of these Nos. 566 and 570 have
some merit. In the Breviary for the Feast
of the Transfiguration (August 14) is a
short Hymn, "Amor Jesu dulcissime." There
is also a Hymn of S. Cosmas, trans-
lated by Dr. Neale, given in "Hymns used
in the Parish Church of Bethnal Green,"
No. 351. It brings out forcibly one idea
of the scene; but is too much mixed up
with the legendary doctrine of the Uncre-
ated Light of Mount Tabor to be suitable
for general use.

* "Scenes from the Life of Jesus," by S. Greg. p.
124.

From The Spectator.

A STAR IN FLAMES.

AGAIN we have news from the Southern
skies, and again the scene of interest lies
in that marvellous region of the heavens
which forms the extremity of the keel of
Argo. In this glorious region of the skies
stars are spread with a profusion which sur-
passes anything seen from our northerly
stand-point. From Sirius southwards
towards Canopus the density of stellar ag-
gregation steadily increases. Thence along
the keel of the great ship stars of all mag-
nitudes are spread in greater and greater
profusion, so that, as Humboldt tells us,
the sky here sheds a radiance resembling
that of the young moon, and by the mere
increase of light one can tell without turn-
ing towards Argo when her resplendent keel
is rising above the horizon. But it is
where the Milky Way narrows down towards
the great nebula in Argo that the climax of
splendour is reached. "It is not easy,"
writes Sir John Herschel, "for language to
convey a full impression of the beauty and
sublimity of the spectacle which this nebula
offers, as it enters the field of view of the
telescope, ushered in as it is by so glorious
and innumerable a procession of stars."

When Sir John Herschel wrote thus,
there lay in the very heart of that amazing
nebula a fixed star which shone as brightly
as Aldebaran or Antares. Eta Argus, for
the star has received no special title, and is
spoken of only by its Greek letter, had
been described by Halley as a star of the
fourth magnitude. Later the French as-
tronomer Lacaille saw it of the second mag-
nitude. While Sir John Herschel was pur-
suing his wonderful series of observations
on the Southern heavens, this star shone as
a moderate first-magnitude star, and in his
noble picture of the great nebula (which
lies before us as we write), the star is
placed in the very densest part of the nebu-
lous matter, and close by the borders of
the mysterious vacuity which marks the
central region of the nebula.

Since 1837, however, the star has exhib-
ited new and even more surprising changes.
It increased in splendour in a strangely
fluctuating manner, occasionally losing bril-
liance for awhile, to renew its glories pres-
ently, until at length, in 1843, it surpassed
Canopus in brightness and rivalled even
the blazing Sirius. Then began a long pro-
cess of decadence, the star falling gradually
away from magnitude to magnitude until it
almost passed the limits of naked-eye vision,
and came to be described as a low sixth-
magnitude star. Meantime, the nebula
around it waxed in splendour. When Her-

schel had been at the south cape the nebula could barely be seen with the naked eye on the darkest and clearest nights; but lately it had reached so high a degree of brilliancy that it was visible even when the moon was shining brightly enough to obliterate all but the leading stars.

Then, as we lately recorded, news came from the Melbourne Observatory, where Grubb's splendid reflector is at work in the able hands of Le Sueur, that the nebula had changed in form since Herschel had depicted it. In particular it was remarked that all round the star Eta there was either no nebula or but little, whereas during Herschel's observations, as we have mentioned, the nebula was brighter round this star than elsewhere.

And thus it happened that whereas Sir John Herschel had conceived the nebula to lie far out in space beyond the stars with which it seemed to be associated, Le Sueur argued, from the remarkable changes to which the nebula has been subjected, that it cannot be so enormously extended as Herschel's views would imply, and in all probability lies nearer to us than the fixed stars in the same direction. Before this, the present writer had urged that the nebula is, really and not merely in appearance, associated in the most intimate manner with those fixed stars.

And now we have intelligence respecting the star which throws a new and unexpected light on the whole subject.

It will be remembered that in May, 1866, a star suddenly blazed out in the constellation Corona (close by the uplifted right arm of Bootes). Studied with the spectroscope by the eminent physicist Huggins, this new object was found to be in a strange condition. Its rainbow-tinted spectrum, crossed by a multitude of dark lines, showed that it was, at least for the time, a sun like our own, an incandescent body shining through absorbent vapour. But besides the dark lines, there were seen several bright lines, and these lines interpreted according to the usual principles of spectroscopic analysis taught us that the star was surrounded by glowing hydrogen. The new orb was, in fact, a sun in flames. Gradually those flames died out, and now that orb has seemingly returned to the condition it was in before the outburst, and can still be seen by the telescope, shining with the faint radiance of a tenth-magnitude star amid the depths of space.

And now it appears that the wonderful variable in Argo is also a star in flames. Its spectrum exhibits the same characteristics as that of the star in Corona, except

that the dark lines which cross it are somewhat less distinctly marked. There, however, are the bright lines which indicate the existence of glowing gas around that distant orb, and the position of those lines serves to show in the clearest manner that the star, like the orb in Corona, is covered with hydrogen flames. Lines, as yet not measured, seem to correspond with a well-known bright line in the spectrum of the solar prominences, and with a line of nitrogen.

But the spectroscope has also given very striking evidence respecting the association between the nebula and the star. All round the star M. Le Sueur sought for the characteristic spectrum of the nebula. He could not obtain that spectrum from any part of the space which immediately surrounds the star, a fact which shows most conclusively that the absence of nebulous light here is not apparent (or due, as might have been suspected, to the fact that the star's light simply overpowers that of the nebula), but real. The nebula which Sir J. Herschel, when the star was bright, saw all round Eta Argus has really retreated from that blazing sun.

M. Le Sueur has been led by this circumstance to suggest a view which involves the theory of the present writer that star and nebula are associated. He asks, "Is not the presence of nitrogen and hydrogen in the star Eta a significant fact in connection with the changes of the nebula, changes which appear to be nothing less than a destruction of nebula in the neighbourhood of the star?" He points also to the fact that the star is increasing in brightness, and asks whether the bright-line character of the spectrum may not be due to a commencement of increase in the star.

But supposing the bright-line spectrum to indicate a destruction of the nebula all round the star, how can the star ever be restored — as astronomers are pretty confident it will be — to its former splendour? Very little doubt can exist that Eta Argus, like the famous *Mira* of the Whale, is a variable of long period. If, even now, when it seems to have consumed the nebula in its neighbourhood, it shines but faintly, how is it to grow brighter and brighter until it surpasses the splendour it had when Sir John Herschel saw it involved in nebulous matter? Is it not far more probable that the existence of nebulous matter around the star is a necessary condition of the star's brightness? That the star will recover its brilliancy when the nebulous matter comes back to it? and that the periodicity of this star (as probably of other variables) is due

to the periodic character of the motions which take place in the nebula?

But our sun is himself a periodic variable. Has he, then, nebulous food brought to him in greater or less quantities at regular periodic intervals? The flames which surround him exhibit the very same bright lines as the flames around the star in Argo. They only need to bear a greater proportion to the sun's extent to show their bright lines upon the solar spectrum precisely as the bright lines appear in the spectrum of Eta Argus, only incomparably more resplendent. But where is the solar nebula which is required to make the analogy complete? Surely we see it in the crown of glory which shines around the sun during total eclipses. Those strangely figured radiations, the peculiar contorted structure of portions of the corona (compared by Arago to hanks of thread in disorder), and the variable brilliancy and extent of the object during different eclipses, seem very plainly to point to the conclusion that our sun has, like Eta Argus, its nebulous surrounding. Like Eta Argus, too, our sun is a star in flames, and it only needs that the nebulous matter round the sun should resemble the Argo nebula in relative extent, in order that the solar flames should shine like those round Eta Argus, with a splendour overmastering that of the orb they belong to.

From The Spectator.

THOMAS ERSKINE OF LINLATHEN.*

A REMARKABLE man has just passed away from among us. Mr. Thomas Erskine of Linlathen died at Edinburgh on the night of Sunday week, and the announcement of his death will awaken a deep feeling of sorrow in some of the best minds, both in England and on the Continent. It is a curious illustration of the state of religious feeling and of theological thought in Scotland, that while among his own countrymen Mr. Erskine had ceased to be much known or regarded, most of the Biblical scholars and thinkers of England of highest name were accustomed to look up to him with the deep-

* [We suppose this to be the author of several books, which we read forty years ago with great interest, and we hope some profit: "The Internal Evidence of Christianity"—"Faith"—"The Unconditional Freedom of the Gospel." In answer to a letter of thanks he sent us sometime after (1831) a new book of his: "The Brazen Serpent." From the title, in connexion with his previous writings, we expected great things of this, but were much disappointed.—It is odd that the Spectator gives no list of his works.—LIVING AGE.]

est veneration. Such men as Maurice, Jowett, Stanley, and many others thought themselves only too highly favoured when permitted to sit at the feet of the venerable old man and listen to his large-minded views on theological questions. Mr. Maurice, many years ago, in a dedication of one of the volumes of his "Sermons" to him, spoke with characteristic warmth of his great obligations to him. "Have we a Gospel," he said, "for men, for all men? Is it a Gospel that God's will is a will to all Good, a will to deliver them from all evil? Is it a Gospel that he has reconciled the world unto Himself? Is it this absolutely, or this with a multitude of reservations, explanations, contradictions?" "It is more than twenty years ago," he adds (writing in 1852) "since a book of yours brought home to my mind the conviction that no Gospel but this can be of any use to the world, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ is such a one. From that time I ceased to wish for refined explanations of the Catholic creeds. I ceased also to desire refined explanations of the Four Gospels and the Epistles. The first, taken as they stand, declare, it seems to me, the existence of a Kingdom of Heaven which is near to us all. The last show how that Kingdom of Heaven established itself on this earth of ours,—churches of Jews and Gentiles being called out as witnesses of it, and the Jewish nation perishing that it might be revealed in its fullness and unity as the ground of modern society."

One of Mr. Erskine's most remarkable characteristics was a sort of quickness of intellectual sympathy, which enabled him at once to take up a new point of view on any religious question, and to enter fully into any fresh speculations which were brought before him. We do not mean that he was ready to alter his own convictions, but that being strongly possessed with the feeling that Christianity is many-sided, he was ever prepared to have it presented to his mind under fresh aspects, and under new conditions and relations. He never thought of it as something to be comprehended and fully explained by the way of strict logical theory or system. It was always to him a sort of living reality, and he thought of the world of spiritual things as an actual entity, the laws of which are, quite as much as those of physical nature, the proper subjects of endless observation and inquiry. In this spirit he entered with the greatest possible interest into the study of Renan's "Life of Jesus" when it first appeared, not at once rejecting it or condemning it as a matter of course, but slowly, carefully, and thought-

fully examining all its chief positions, and then only putting them aside when he had deliberately established in his own mind that they were untenable. He followed, we believe, very much the same course with the "Ecce Homo," only not in the end finding himself so entirely out of harmony with its author. He had, in short, that kind of rare candour and freeness in theology which was capable of treating almost everything as an open question, and was ever fully prepared and inclined to go over again by any new path and re-test once more the grounds of his old convictions. Nothing was more alien to him than that sort of stolid fixity which never alters a train of thought, or looks at a great truth from more than one point of view. We are not prepared to say, indeed, that he did not occasionally carry this tendency of his mind somewhat to excess. He was a little apt so to overload a subject with his thought, that its outline became confused and indeterminate, at least to others, and perhaps to himself also, for expression seemed sometimes to fail him when he was most anxious to bring out his meaning. This was, no doubt, the natural result, not of originally deficient mental power, but a singularly strong, active, and curiously versatile mind becoming over-informed with its own thought. His life had been given almost exclusively to meditation, and it had been too little exposed to the wholesome, modifying, and corrective influences of an acquaintance with affairs which would have given a practical direction to its powers. Even with these drawbacks, however, one was able to see how noble and salutary had been the effect of that style of religious thought to which he gave himself up. All this mental activity in theology, all this keenness and unrestingness of speculative faculty, never seemed in any degree to end (as with so many men it does end) merely in the intellect, but told with immediate and pervading effect upon his character. The result was a combination with his great mental power of a sort of saintly purity and beauty of religious feeling which we should imagine almost unexampled. More than any one else whom we ever met with, he fulfilled the idea of what Novalis called "a God-intoxicated man." God's love to men seemed to be constantly in his thoughts, and it was difficult for him to open his lips or put his pen to paper without some outpouring of an ever-present consciousness on this congenial theme. Even in dreams his mind appeared always to run upon the same topic, and during the last weeks of his life, we have heard that whenever he spoke through

his sleep—as he had the habit of doing—his utterances indicated some rapt contemplation of spiritual things.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Erskine's maturest thoughts on religious and theological subjects have never been given to the world. During the last thirty years he has published almost nothing, and it is generally understood that the earlier productions of his pen inadequately represent his later phases of opinion. For some years past he had been most anxious to supply this defect, and over and over again he strove to give a full exposition of his views; but partly perhaps from his mind being, as we have already intimated, overcharged with thought on the subjects which he wished to discuss, partly from some growing subtlety and refinement in his speculations to which expression did not readily lend itself, but most of all, in all probability, in consequence of the great decay in his physical vigour, he never could satisfy himself with anything which he was able to produce. One short fragment, indeed, of great value, on what he called "The Spiritual Order," and another on "The Divine Sonship," were put in type shortly before his death. But with these exceptions, we suspect that the accumulated results of long years of brooding meditation must have perished with him. The only hope is that as he was in the constant habit of imparting his ideas to his friends in conversation, some of these may yet be able to reproduce his reasonings and conclusions in a more or less perfect shape.

The essential character of Mr. Erskine's mind was that of a thinker. He was not in any proper sense of the word a learned or even a very widely read man. No one, however, could fail to recognize in him a man of true and fine culture. He was, we believe, an excellent Greek scholar, and he had all that most valuable cultivation which results from mingling in the best society. In early life he had studied for the Scottish Bar, and he passed advocate so far back as 1810. Jeffrey, Cockburn, Rutherford (who was almost contemporary with him), and others of the same coterie were among his earliest associates. At a later period he was on terms of great intimacy with Thomas Carlyle, Edward Irving, John McLeod Campbell, Dr. Ewing the spiritual-minded and liberal Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, and his near relative, the late accomplished Lord Manor. At Paris and Geneva, too, he had a circle of highly cultivated friends. And to the last, some of the best minds both of England and of his own country used to find their way to Linlathen and to his lodging in Edinburgh. In

early life, we have heard that his unaffected cleverness and gentle playfulness of fancy gave an irresistible charm to his society, and even in his later years he had always an abundant flow of conversation on subjects quite apart from theology. Most of his fine companionable qualities, indeed, he retained to the end of his life, and along with them all the simplicity, humility, and affectionateness of a child. Though a great converser, he was never engrossing in conversation. Though a great theologian, he never knew what arrogance or dogmatism was, nor did his mind ever seem to contract any tinge of narrowness from being much concentrated on one subject.

Before concluding, we may just allude to the relation in which Mr. Erskine stood to the Church of his own country. The subject is curious and rather instructive. It is well known that about the beginning of the century a strong reaction had begun to take place against the selfish, worldly policy and utter want of earnestness in religion of the old Moderate party of the Church of Scotland.

This movement was at first led by Dr. John Erskine, a son of Erskine of Carnock, the great Scottish lawyer and author of the "Institutes," and a man of great ability both as a man of business and as a writer on theology. (He was nearly related, by the way, to the family of Mr. Thomas Erskine.) On his death, about 1803, his place was taken by the late Sir Harry Moncrieff, a clergyman of great practical energy and the most remarkable sagacity, a man, too, of old family and possessed of immense influence, both by character and position, throughout Scotland. Chiefly by the efforts of this remarkable man, the Evangelical party gradually became dominant in the Church of Scotland. Though called by this name, the Evangelicals in Scotland represented a somewhat different class of minds, and a different style of thought to the English Evangelicalism of the present day. The leading men among them had thoroughly enlarged views, good sound culture, and very liberal tendencies, so much so that all the best minds in Scotland, in particular every one connected with the rising Whig party, completely sympathized, if they did not absolutely identify themselves, with the movement. After a long struggle of more than thirty years, Evangelicism attained a majority in the General Assembly. Its success, however, may be said to have been its ruin. In proportion as it became numerically strong, it tended ever more and more to intellectual weakness, and just as the more generous influences of the movement

culminated in the raising up in the Church of a few great thinkers and men of genius, one or two great orators, and one or two great saints, its worse influences culminated in bigotry, fanaticism (heat without light), conventionalism, mediocrity. What with the poor culture offered by the Scottish Universities, and what with the national tendency to fervour and to bare logic ending ever in extremes, it could scarcely, perhaps, have been otherwise. The result, however, was that within the Evangelical movement two antagonistic forces were found to have sprung up. These could not, of course, long dwell together; and so, by proceedings almost worthy of the old Star Chamber, such men as Edward Irving, Scott of Manchester, and McLeod Campbell of Row, were driven forth from the Church. Even Chalmers, who remained to the last, found at length how uncongenial were the elements with which he had to contend, and died, there is some reason to believe, of a broken heart. It is scarcely necessary to add that after the disgraceful proceedings towards his friends Irving and Campbell, Mr. Erskine's connection with the Church of Scotland may be said to have terminated. In the later years of his life he might frequently, indeed, be seen worshipping in a Presbyterian Church, but for a long period before his death he had been in communion with the Church of England.

Since printing the above we have received an estimate of Mr. Erskine from one who knew him intimately, and who is in the highest degree qualified to delineate his character, which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving to our readers:—

In endeavouring to express in a few words the impression made by an intercourse of some years with Mr. Erskine, the most appropriate seem those of Marcus Aurelius, "Life is a journey in a strange land." He seemed always a foreigner in this world, speaking its language as an unfamiliar idiom, and never wholly at home in any of its customs. Eighty years had not naturalized him here, nor delivered him from the home-sickness with which he yearned after a fuller vision of things divine than that allotted, except in rare moments, to this stage of our being. One never could with him wholly escape the feeling that he belonged to a different spiritual climate. To some, perhaps, this aloofness from ordinary life was seen only in the result of intensifying a very peculiar individuality, and sheltering it from all those influences which make men common-place. All those doors

through which stereotyped forms of thought enter the mind were with him closed; he dwelt in the region where conventional notions shrivel away from the realities beneath them. The whole vicissitude of his life was spiritual; he passed through scenery that no eye but his could discern, and the joys and sorrows of his soul alike took their rise in heights inaccessible to those around him. This outward universe was to him no more than a parable of the true Cosmos ever before his eye, where all things great and small were held in their places by the spiritual gravitation of love, and he was for ever struggling to utter his impressions of spiritual laws to him far more unquestionable than those by which the outer world is ordered. They were to him truly, to use an expression common of late years on his lips, the "dynamics of salvation," the fixed, ascertainable principles of harmony with which man was to be set right; and laws of nature had little interest for him, except so far as he could trace in them illustrations of the other laws. It was not everyone who was ready for this sublimation of all earthly interests, but that remarkable sense of humour, which was a feature of his character equally distinctive with his thirst after the unseen, formed common ground with many who might have been repelled by the

latter, and relieved the intensity of his bent of mind with a play of gracious pleasantry impossible to recall without a smile. It did not need wit to kindle that susceptible and delicate power of amusement, a very bad joke was quite as much enjoyed as a very good one, and perhaps the action which now recalls the most individual aspect of his character is the little push with which he would claim response to some exquisite drollery which in his opinion, his hearer was not sufficiently enjoying. His memory will always remain with his friends as a proof that it is possible to believe in the invisible universe in exactly the same sense as we believe in the visible. To remember his sense of God in contrast with what makes up the faith of other men is like turning from sunlight to moonlight, and the contrast is a sort of demonstration of that in which he believed. When we are tempted to think of the things that can be weighed and measured as including the boundaries of certainty, the recollection of that struggle to pour out the sense of incommunicable experience, will recall us to the conviction that beyond these limits is a region where a man may lay hold of realities, that one man among those we have known knew hardly any realities elsewhere.

From time to time India gives forth slight indications of the gradual introduction of European thought into her intellectual circles, and by the present mail we perceive several noteworthy instances of this progress towards civilization. A native lady of Calcutta, one Ranees Surnomoyee, has given £500 to the London Missionary Society for the building of an Anglo-Vernacular School. Now, as this lady is a Hindoo of the Hindoos, her gift denotes a freedom from bigotry that might be taken as an example for imitation by many ardent Christians. That is, provided she did not make this donation in the spirit of the late Begum Sumroo, who built and endowed places of worship for Hindoos, Mahomedans, Roman Catholics, and Protestants alike, in order that her soul might be saved, whichever faith proved to be the true one. Again, we see that a Mussulman gentleman has sued for the restoration of his wife, who had left him on becoming a Christian, and the court ordered the lady to return to her disconsolate husband. A great advance surely on the times when a Mussulman, similarly situated, would have got rid of his offending spouse by poison, or by other forcible means, instead of desiring to get her back to live with him. But, on the other hand, how the missionary element would have fermented in

those past times, had it been ordained that a Christian convert should continue to cohabit, against her will, with a follower of the Prophet! These indications tend to prove that native ideas are becoming slightly Europeanized; but what shall we say to the following? The Gackwar of Barodo, on his visit to meet the Duke of Edinburgh, will be escorted by a regiment of natives, equipped in the Highland kilt! Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery; but, on the other hand, the sublime borders on the ridiculous, and we rather fancy that the latter will predominate in the appearance of these petticoated Aryans, with their very attenuated legs.

Pall Mall Gazette.

THE Secretary of State for India announces, at the request of the Governor-General of India, that the Government of India offers a prize of 5,000*l.* for machinery or a method suitable for the separation of the fibre and bark of the Rhea or China-grass from the stem, and for separating the fibre from the bark. Dried stems and specimens of the fibre will be supplied on application to the Secretary to the Government of India in the Home Department.